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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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**Victory  
Garden  
Chart**

Page 12







By  
**DOROTHY KILGALLEN**  
noted American columnist

There is a little place in New York, one flight up on a side street, but worth the trip, where if you have an eye for a bargain and play your cards right, you can buy a hat for as little as fifty dollars.

Pecunious ladies ranging in variety of facade from the Duchess of Windsor to Gypsy Rose Lee (pardon the billing, Gypsy) shop there for cranial fancies, and Miss Greta Garbo of the films once had the singular honor of being tossed out of the joint for lack of, not funds, but enthusiasm.

**WALTER FLORELL**, the gentleman after whom the emporium is named, spends sometimes three and a half to four minutes thinking up a new model, and the only kind of customer he wants is



**CARMEN MIRANDA** favors the turban off-stage, as well as on.

one who (besides having fifty dollars in the knapsack) will utter little short gasps as each trifle is unveiled.

Garbo tactlessly asked to have the tilt of a brim changed, or something. She never asked twice.

"It is a pity," Greta sighed, as she got the heave-ho. "You and Fay Brown could have been such good friends."

"Who is Fay Brown?" asked Florell.

"Why, that's me," said Garbo. And that was how Florell discovered who had been sending him cheques (he had a whole mysterious collection of them, and it was driving him mad), signed "Fay Brown."

The Silent Swede believes—or with a dead pan pretends to believe—that her use of this plain American name cloaks her in anonymity wherever she goes, and kids some of the people some of the time.

Florell is dark, handsome, and short, towering over his exotic five-foot wife only by the height of a pair of elevator shoes, but despite his lack of altitude and girth he has a dash of Diamond Jim Brady in his soul, and both his hands are

weighted down with huge Koh-i-noors.

He has rather velvety, persuasive brown eyes, and a way of looking with them at a woman who is wearing one of his hats as if she were the all-time dream girl.

He calls his customers "Madame" in a voice as intimate as a silk nightie; he kisses their hands on arrival and departure.

All this is included in the price of the beret, bonnet, or beanie, whether it is the average 50-dollar job or something a little better at 200 dollars.

Also included, most of the time, is a rather good show. Joan Crawford arrives and buys three or four numbers for herself and seven or eight for some poor girl she feels sorry for.

Gertie Lawrence comes in and tries on all the hats over the wrong eye. Hope Hampton, the actress, appears for a fitting, carrying her white toy Pomeranian, which is natively enveloped in a leopard coat.

An actress (who perhaps had better be nameless) sends back all her hats to have inches taken off the brims because she just had an inch taken off her nose.

Princess Marta glides in with her Archduke Franz Josef of Austria, and flourishingly autographs a portrait of herself with the inscription: "You are a genius!"

Florell says the fact that she wrote exactly the same line on a picture for his dentist hurt him only a little.

On a particularly exciting afternoon in the shop the door opened, and a chauffeur in gala uniform appeared and threw bales of dresses, complete with hangers, on to the floor.

A second later Gypsy Rose Lee, the Empress of Striptease, strode in. Florell recalls dreamily: "Gypsy was beautiful like a steak—alive like a bag of fleas—and as sound as a bank."

She was wearing a tailored suit and a pair of magnificent suspenders over her rather noted chest.

### Pink organdie

"HONEY," she instructed the milliner, "you've got to be careful what you put on me. I've got a terrific rear. I've had it all my life. Mother tried to massage it away but couldn't—and now a large part of my success is based on it."

Florell whipped together a pink organdie hat that contained enough yardage for a stage backdrop. It looked quite a bit like a French bed turned down.

Gypsy liked it instantly, but mused into the mirror: "I wonder if it will go with Brahms?"

Carmen Miranda always comes into the shop with wet hair, always accompanied by two Brazilian gentlemen who are supposed to interpret for her.

While Florell is in the process of designing one of the miniature grocery stores she calls turbans, Carmen will point triumphantly at a bed, red rose and shriek: "Green! Green! Green!"

On the day the Duchess of Windsor dropped in to purchase a



**THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR** (above and top right), mostly wears beanie hats.



**THE DUCHESS OF KENT** was one of Florell's first customers.



**WALTER FLORELL** designing some of his models. None costs less than 50 dollars.

few beanies, the Press of the nation kept the shop's telephone ringing.

Actually she bought seven hats, but by the time the news got to small towns in Texas, the figure was 40, and the revolution was practically here.

One reporter, told that the Duchess had bought only her traditional beanies, asked Florell if he didn't think she ought to change her style.

### Royal patrons

"**DEFINITELY** not!" he retorted. "Those beanies got her a king."

Actually it was British Royalty that started him off as a designer of feminine headgear.

Born in Paris of a non-professional family, he was sent to dancing school as a boy to overcome his shyness, and soon was good enough to dance in the Diaghilev ballet.

Later he did some specialty work in ritzy cafes with a girl partner, and it was during this period that he began designing the costumes for his act.

The Duchess of Kent, then regarded as Europe's best-dressed woman, dropped into Dorchester House one evening in London, saw the little white sailor with the violets on it that he had dreamed up for his partner, and got the little shiver up the spine that tells a woman: "That's for me!"

Florell made her one like it. Not long afterwards he came to New York and set up his first shop in a little place that looked vaguely like a speak-easy.

He thinks the distinguishing characteristic of all his hats is flattery. "That keeps me in the good graces of the husbands," he says happily.

He believes women who dress for other women are dopes, and he is never more delighted than when a man looks at a Florell fantasy and says mistily: "My mother once had one something like that."

When they admit that, he avers, you've got them by the cheque-book.

All his hats have names. He wouldn't dream of showing an unchristened chapeau.

The lid monikers range from simple things like "Eve" to guess-whats like "Raffle Me Off" and "Clean Linen in Public."

Florell always has a reason for each name, but we won't go into that now.

Sufficient to say that if you have copies of "Adolescence," "My First Love Affair," "Follow Me," "Correspondent," "Reno," and "Family Album," you are—at least from the eyebrows up—ready for anything.



**GERTRUDE LAWRENCE** often buys her hats from Florell. Among his customers are many stage and screen celebrities.

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NVI-44



# TALLY-HO!

His real quarry in the hunt was not the rabbit, but a pretty girl.

By LAWRENCE TREAT



**W**HEN I got there for the week-end all the wrong people were glad. Her old man because he had someone to golf with, her mother because she'd found a stomach worth feeding, and her kid brother, Buddy, because he had somebody to go fishing with, he thought.

But Adela didn't seem impressed. She floated down the stairs, and said, "Why, Bob?" In a lovely, rap-torous, modulated voice. And with a note of surprise.

I smelled a rat. I never should have let two months go by without seeing Adela. War or no war, I should have concentrated on my home front. Hitler might keep, but not Adela. She wasn't the type.

So when she said, "Why, Bob," in that tone of surprise, as if she'd forgotten I was coming, I took a deep gulp and said, "Don't pull that stuff. I saw you hiding behind the curtains when I got out of the taxi."

"Mr. Bannister—what a mean thought! And if I was really behind the curtains, how could you see?"

"I could tell it was you by the way my heart hit the roof of my mouth."

Buddy tugged at my sleeve. "Quit being smart, Bob, and come fishing with me."

"No."

"Want to see my rabbits? I raise them to eat, on account of the meat shortage, and one of them's tame and I call him Montgomery. Want to see?"

"Look, Buddy. I just got here, and I want to wash both my hands and get settled and talk to Adela. But you can carry my bag up."

He gave me a look of contempt. "Oh, yeah?" he said, and went out, banging the front door.

Adela said, "Oh!" and put her hands over her ears. "If he'd only go quietly, just once, I'd have the most wonderful feeling of peace."

I took her by the shoulders, but she slipped away as if she were made of mist.

"Look, Dell," I said. "I came all the way up here, and I only have to-day and to-morrow, and then I have

to go back and win the war, and I've been lonely. Come back with me and we'll get married."

She smiled as shyly as the first time I ever proposed to her. "Bob," she said, "I'm flattered by such constancy of effort, but— She sighed. "Let's just be friends."

She held out her hand and I grabbed it and tried to pull her toward me. "Nuts," I said.

She liked that, but she didn't let on. She just shook her head wearily. "If you'd only be a little reasonable, just once—"

"Sure," I interrupted. "You'd have the most wonderful feeling of peace. But when Buddy stops slamming doors and I stop proposing to you, you can wrap yourself up in a shroud and tie a sign round your neck, 'Out of circulation.' Now show me my room, please, so I can get ready to eat."

I knew Mrs. Sheldon was on my side because we had meat pie for lunch. I burnt my mouth on the first bite, but the crust melted to pure butter and the seasoning was sheer ecstasy on my palate.

Buddy was tackling his portion with a soup spoon. Mentally I figured out his rate of speed and saw I could hit my second helping just before he was ready for his third.

I said, "You ought to teach Adela how to make this, Mrs. Sheldon. Recipes like this should be handed on from generation to generation."

"Adela," began Mrs. Sheldon, but Adela interrupted before her mother could get any farther.

"I hate cooking," she said. "I'm afraid the domestic virtues were left out of me. I get claustrophobia from kitchens."

"What's that?" asked Buddy. He spoke with his mouth full and without interrupting the rhythm of his chewing.

"A morbid fear of being enclosed," said Adela, looking at me. "I like freedom, and open spaces. Which reminds me, Bob—we're going beagling this afternoon."

"Beagling?" I repeated. That was a new one on me.

"We have a pack of hounds, and we hunt."

"Seven pair," said Buddy, during the two seconds that it took him to reach across the table and get his second helping.

"We hunt rabbits," continued Adela. "Everybody goes, and the hounds are the cutest things, and we follow them cross-country and then come back for food. There are only ten beagle packs in the entire country, and we have one of them."

"I'm a whip," said Buddy. He didn't even look at

Bob came hurtling downwards, to the accompaniment of cries and excited baying.

my plate. He seemed to know by instinct that I was almost ready for my second, and he made a pass at the pie-dish. Mrs. Sheldon stopped him.

"Buddy, don't be greedy. Maybe Bob would like some more, too. There doesn't seem to be as much as usual. You'll have some more, Bob?"

Buddy got polite and just looked at me with appealing eyes. "We'll split it," I said. Buddy swooped and made it a three to one division, with me on the short end. I told myself he was Adela's brother and that it would be impolite to knock his brains out at the luncheon table.

After lunch I went to look at his rabbits, and he took Montgomery out and tied a string round his neck and let me hold him. Or if Montgomery was grey and fuzzy and friendly, and when you spoke to him his whiskers vibrated.

"Look," I said to Buddy. "Confidentially, what is this beagling business?"

Buddy gazed affectionately at Montgomery. "They hunt rabbits with Irwin, and it's lots of fun when you're a whip. You go off to the side, either ahead or behind the pack, and you keep them together. If any of the dogs wander off too far or find a fresh trail you run and snap your whip and make them go back."

"Dell was whip last week, and she twisted her ankle and I took her place, and I did so well that this week I'm whip again. Gee—I'd better go now, or I'll be late. You put Montgomery back, will you? I haven't time. Honest."

"Who's Irwin?" I asked. But Buddy handed me the string and rushed off without answering, and me and Montgomery walked sedately back to the hutch. I don't know what there was about Montgomery, but he gave me the same feeling as if he'd been my own child.

Please turn to page 4





## Continuing . . . Tally-Ho!

from page 3

OLD man Sheldon and I had a chat. He asked me about my work, and I told him I was inspecting gadgets that were a military secret, and how we were getting into big production, and that was why I'd been so busy the last couple of months, ever since the Sheldons had moved up here.

He leaned back and said, "Great country, this. I never thought I'd get to like it so much. Friendly people, good neighbors."

Then Adela swept into the room, all dressed up for beagling. She was wearing a brown skirt and a bright red doekin jacket with a blue blouse, and no hat. But what worried me was the way she'd violated her beautiful legs with gaiters. Thick, canvas things without any shape. It was worse than the 1890's, when at least you had a fighting chance to see an ankle.

I stared and she glanced down at the things. "Because of the briars," she explained. "Otherwise, your legs get scratched to a pulp."

"With gams like yours," I said, "you have an obligation to the world. Why don't you take 'em off now, and tie 'em on whenever you see a briar?"

"My legs?" Adela laughed. "Daddy, did you ever see anybody so old-fashioned as Bob?"

"That's nothing against him," said Sheldon. "Not a thing."

I stood up and wiggled my ears at her. She said casually, "But Daddy, he's so set in his ways."

"When I make up my mind I want something," I remarked, "I keep at it until I get it."

"Bob, I wish you weren't so sure of yourself. Some day I'd like to see you licked so badly that you grovel."

"Listen," I said. "I meant what I said before, I'll marry you. I'll promise it in writing. I'll even let you wear gaiters when I'm not around."

Then I noticed old man Sheldon was still there. He coughed and got up and left the room.

"Bob, you make things so difficult, but you'd do me a favor if you'd let, say, a full hour go by without proposing."

"You love it," I said. Then I heard a footstep and Mrs. Sheldon came into the room and went out, not saying a word.

I grunted. "We ought to sell seats the next time I propose. Then I could make expenses."

"Bob, I think it's about time to go. Can I trust you with a car?"

"The Government says 35 miles an hour. But you'll have a gun to enforce the law with, won't you?"

"Gun?"

"Maybe you forgot about it, but we're going hunting. You seem to call it beagling, but it's still hunting."

"Oh. We don't use guns. We wouldn't kill anything."

"Then what's all the fuss about?"

"It's fun. It's being outdoors. It's sport for sport's sake."

"When I hunt I like to bring something home—besides women in spats."

She glanced down and looked up defiantly. Which proved I was on the right track after all.

We drove slowly over to a big white house with orchids and fields on the hills surrounding it. About a dozen people were standing out on the lawn waiting. They were in various stages of overdress, and while Adela introduced me I noticed there wasn't a leg in sight. Either canvas things, like she had, or else slacks.

And then, suddenly, Adela got excited and called out, "Oh, Irwin!"

I looked. There was a station wagon full of hounds parked over by a tree, and Buddy and a few more squirts were standing there and playing with their whips, but Irwin was what gave me the shock. He was all dressed up as if he were going to a fancy-dress ball.

He had on a red huntsman's coat and white pants, and a green hunting cap. He wore a green scarf affair with a miniature jewelled gun for a scarf pin, and he was holding a little tin horn in one hand. He was carrying gloves, too.

I hoped he felt embarrassed, being the only one dressed up that way, but if he was he didn't show it. He was smiling at Adela. He said, "Hello, Adela. We've been waiting for you. Couldn't have a hunt without you."

She said, "Thank you, sir," and before I could get over that one she was introducing me. "Sir, this is Bob Bannister. Bob, this is Irwin Truesdale, our master of the hunt."

I said, "Glad to know you," and realised I was face to face with the rat in the ornament. But I'm civilised. I shook hands with him, and didn't even make any cracks about a masquerade.

But just before we started out I took Adela aside.

"What's this 'sir' business?" I asked. "Is he really a knight, or do you just kid him along on account of his coat?"

"The master of the hunt is always addressed that way," she said. "It's part of the tradition."

"You mean I'm supposed to say it, too?"

"Why not?" she asked sharply. I shrugged. "I just have a hankering to call him Irwin. What does he do for a living?"

"Don't be so intolerant. Everybody can't be an expert and inspect factories. Irwin has a kennel. But training the pack and organising hunts is his real business. It's fascinating to watch him work with the dogs."

I didn't ask how you told them apart. I didn't crack a smile when he blew on his little tin horn and told his whips where to go and then made a speech about how nobody was to get ahead of him, or the hounds, for fear of spoiling the scent.

"Look," I said to myself. "In normal times you could stick round and in the course of a week or a month you'd show up this phony and Dell would fall swooning in your arms. But be realistic. Her mind is telling her what a handsome couple they make. And Monday morning you've got to be back on the job checking military secrets, and you've only got to-day and to-morrow."

"So don't underrate this bozo, just because he's all dressed up and no horse to ride. Study him, keep your mouth shut and figure out an angle. Otherwise you're sunk."

So I didn't wisecrack. I walked along with the mob and said "Sure" whenever anybody told me how beautiful the country was, and said "Yeah" whenever anybody remarked how lucky they were to have a guy like Irwin.

We crossed a little brook and skirted a field, and all of a sudden the hounds let out with their yelping. Up front somewhere Irwin blew on his horn, and everybody began running. I wanted to see what it was all about, so I grabbed Adela's hand and held it even when she tried to pull away. The only time I released it was to lift her over a wall.

She gave me a furious glance and said, "I can get over by myself," and I said, "Sure, but not without falling," and she just clamped her lips shut, and kept running. She was all out of breath, but so was I.

The hounds were getting excited and were barking with a high, yapping sound, and suddenly we broke into a sort of clearing that was overgrown with shrubs. I couldn't see the dogs any more, but there was movement in the grass, and abruptly Irwin raised his hand and pointed at us, and called, "Tally-ho!"

Well, I didn't want to snub him in public, so I raised my arm and waved back at him. "Tally-ho!" I shouted.

Adela slapped at my arm, and snapped, "You don't see it, do you?"

"See what?"

"The rabbit. The quarry. The thing we're hunting for. You're not supposed to say 'Tally-ho' unless you see it."

That got me. "What for?" I asked. If Irwin was seeing rabbits, why didn't he say so, straight out?

Adela looked exasperated, and suddenly two dogs went racing by us at the head of the pack, and, going in the opposite direction and not more than five feet away, the rabbit.

Instantly Adela froze, like a well-trained setter, and pointed. "Tally-ho!" she called.

I scratched my head. "Listen," I said. "Maybe I'm dumb, but the dogs are supposed to be hunting that rabbit, aren't they? So when he's five feet away, why don't they go for him?"

"They don't look stupid. They hunt with their noses. That's what the whole sport is."

The same pair of hounds that had almost bumped into the rabbit came tearing back, in the other direction now. "Seems like a waste of energy," I said. "All that those dogs had to do was look up, wasn't it? Well?"

Adela pursed her lips. "I wish you'd stop making a fool of yourself. And of me."

"You shouldn't have brought me without a brush-up course on the etiquette of beagling."

"I shouldn't have brought you at all," she said, and walked off.

I didn't follow. For some reason she was really hurt. I slipped away by myself, doubled back and went into a soliloquy.

After a few unsatisfactory

minutes I looked round to see where I was. I sighted a green roof and a pear-shaped lawn and old man Sheldon's yellow pyjamas flapping on a clothesline. And beyond, a dark patch of tarred roof. The Sheldon house wasn't more than a half-mile away, across country. And I had my idea. I remembered the look of understanding Montgomery had given me.

The scheme was simple enough. All I had to do was to make Irwin look ridiculous. Then Adela would drop him like a hot cake, forget about the red coat, and come nestling into my strong, male arms.

If I took Montgomery on his leash and walked him across one of the fields which Irwin had said he expected to try, the hounds would be sure to pick up Montgomery's trail. And when the hunt ended in front of Buddy's rabbit hutch, the laugh would be on Irwin. It was something he'd never live down.

The plan was easy to carry out. I kept to the trees where nobody could see me, and I approached the hutch from the rear. The leash was hanging where I'd left it, and when I opened the door all the rabbits scared off except Montgomery. He hesitated at first. But when he sniffed at my hand and realised it was the skin he loved to touch he came forward docilely.

I leashed him, closed the door to the hutch and took him in my arms. He snuggled so trustingly that I kept thinking of Adela.

Irwin's horn, blowing intermittently, told me where the hunt was. I reached a field which they were certain to cross, put Montgomery on the ground, and played with him a few minutes. Any hound that didn't pick up that scent would have to be retired permanently.

When I heard the horn coming in my direction I started back. Montgomery was all interest in the countryside. He bobbed round and left a merry trail. Maybe I let him dawdle too much. But we were only halfway back when I heard the hounds yelp and the horn blew twice. They had picked up our scent.

It was too close for comfort, and I began running. I don't know what Montgomery thought of that trip. Maybe he realised the hounds were after him and that I was his friend, but if he did, he didn't keep his mind on the fact. He kept wanting to hop off to the side. I was afraid of breaking his neck by tugging, and the zig-zag trail we left was a compromise between his instincts and my power of will.

I DISCOVERED later that a rabbit never travels in a straight line, and that if I'd had my say in the matter Irwin would have decided we were no rabbit and called off the chase.

We made the hutch with time to spare, and I was about to sprint for it and get rid of Montgomery when I saw Mrs. Sheldon crossing the lawn. Luckily I noticed her first, I ducked back behind some bushes and circled. I could slip alongside the house and reach the hutch from the other side. But I had to be fast.

I put on speed and reached the shelter of the house, and then the side door opened and the maid came out. There was only one thing left for me. To dash for the front door, go through the house, and get to the hutch from the rear door.

I must have looked funny, diving through the front door with Montgomery in tow. And Montgomery beginning to get scared and making objections. But there was nobody there to see. So I squeezed inside, shoved at the door, and was making a beeline for the kitchen when I heard someone in there and sighted Sheldon's trouser leg. I veered and leapt for the stairs.

Outside, I heard the baying of hounds. I was in trouble now. The hunt would come knocking at the front door, and if anybody came in he'd find Montgomery and myself. If we were there.

I was on the second floor by then. I grabbed Montgomery up and told him I'd take care of him. Then I saw the trapdoor in the ceiling. It was the entrance to the attic. I couldn't find any ladder, so I pushed up the trapdoor, tossed Montgomery through it, and prepared to follow. A little superhuman strength, a little power of will, and I was up, panting, but with the trapdoor back in place.

I was lying across a couple of good sturdy two-by-fours. Between them there was nothing but light wall-board which formed the ceiling of the rooms below. A trickle of light came through the shutters at one end of the attic. I could see Montgomery hunched a few feet away, well out of reach.

He got panicky when he heard the hounds, and he began darting round the attic with a light, pattering sound.

"Bob," I told myself, "this won't do. Montgomery will give away the pair of us, and then—"

Please turn to page 33

## DON'T HIDE THAT SKIN TROUBLE —GET RID OF IT WITH THE AID OF

# Zam-Buk

ATTEMPTS to conceal a blotchy, blemished skin with "make-up" usually fail, and only serve to draw attention to the defects. Proper medicinal treatment is needed, and for this there's nothing to equal Zam-Buk Ointment.

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# MURDER IN TOW

Of all complications in the case, Bill finds lovely Bundy the worst.

**L**IEUTENANT BILL FRENCH, of the Michigan State Police, comes to Florida to recuperate from a gunshot wound, at the home of his aunt, MRS. HARRISON PAIGE. He looks forward to a restful holiday, but his aunt greets him with the news that she and her friend, MRS. ABBY GILLAM, while out fishing that morning, hooked the body of wealthy TOM PECKHAM, whose disappearance a week previously was the sensation of the district.

The body is recovered, and suspicion falls heavily on BUNDY, Peckham's lovely granddaughter. She admits that she quarrelled with him the night of the murder, but refuses to say why, while CORINNE, Peckham's spiteful young widow, makes no attempt to dispel the suspicions.

Bill, urged by his aunt to help Bundy, is suspicious of Corinne's association with a stranger whose name, he ascertains, is ALBERT SINCLAIR. He visits Bundy with STEPHEN JAMES, a family friend, during Corinne's absence. But the young widow comes in unexpectedly, just as Bundy admits that her grandfather threatened to take from her a twenty thousand trust fund "if—"

NOW READ ON:

**B**UNDY looked up for a full half-minute without speaking. When her voice came it was admirably controlled. "Oh, hello, Corinne. You're back?"

"If what?" repeated Mrs. Peckham.

Bundy said lightly, "Oh, if I didn't do whatever he wanted. The usual line. Did you get along all right?"

Bill thought neither of the women Peckham left behind was doing much mourning for him. He seemed to be one of those people whose death was a happy release—for everyone else.

Mrs. Peckham seemed perfectly satisfied to change the subject. She came into the room, shedding her jacket, hat, and furs on chairs.

"All right!" she echoed. "Wait till you hear what I didn't find. Give me a cigarette, Steve."

But her eyes were on Bill, approving and curious.

"Lieutenant French, of the Michigan State Police, Corinne." Steve passed her a packet of cigarettes and held a light.

She blew out a wand of smoke. "Heavens. Has it got so far? Michigan, hmmm?" Her hard blue eyes priced Bill's apparel and came back to rest on his pleasant, authoritative face.

"Unofficial," Steve added. "He's visiting his aunt, Mrs. Paige."

Corinne Peckham was constitutionally unable to be disagreeable to anything in trousers. The flattering manner Steve assumed toward her was an obvious sham, but she took it at face value. Through the smoke her eyes were busily informing Bill that he was something she could use.

"And what goes on here in my living-room?"

"I thought Lieutenant French might help us find who killed Tom Peckham," Steve began.

His widow snorted. "Who cares?" Bundy gave her a long, level stare without speaking.

"I do," Steve said.

"Why, for heaven's sake?"

"I'm not going to have it hung on Bundy."

"Phooey."

"What does that mean?"

"Those policemen are just kidding you, Steve. Don't be such a fool. They don't hang murders on beautiful young things like her. Golly, I'm dry. Is that maid here?"

"I guess so." Bundy rose obediently.

"Tell her to bring us something to drink and a lot of ice." Bundy went out of the room.

Steve leaned forward. "You weren't here, Corinne. You didn't hear them pounding at her. Bundy can't stand that forever. We've got to clear her definitely."

She smiled at him wearily. "All right, Steve. Go ahead. I don't care. But don't think you're going to finance any defence out of me."

"Don't worry."

"And don't look like that. I don't say I would break down and shell



Steve turned, grimacing at Bill. This hypocrisy was necessary, he intimated.

out if I could, but there's no choice. I'm practically stranded."

"What? That's ridiculous."

"Isn't it! A couple of ha's."

A pretty colored girl wheeled into the room an elaborate cart furnished with bottles, ice cubes, glasses, and wafers. Mrs. Peckham dispensed hospitality. As soon as the maid had gone out Steve asked: "What's this about money, Corinne?"

"I told you. He has practically cleaned out everything. There are a few hundred in the checking account. This house has a mortgage on it that would stagger you. The safe-deposit box has one defence bond for five hundred. That's all. Believe it or not. Luckily I took Mr. Helm with me or I'd probably be accused of grand larceny."

"But that's impossible. He had plenty," Bundy said.

Mrs. Peckham tossed her a vitriolic little smile. "Oh, my dear, you needn't worry. That precious trust fund of yours is safe. Fortunately he didn't get the chance to carry out his threats, whatever they were."

Bundy turned a slow red. Her eyes burned.

Steve said, "Maybe you were mistaken in what he had, Corinne."

"No," Mrs. Peckham took the last cigarette and threw the wrapper into the fireplace. "It was all there a few days ago. I'm not likely to be mistaken about a thing like that. What's more, Tom's savings account had a cool thousand taken out the first of every month for the past two years. That's besides our expense money."

Steve said sharply, "Blackmail?"

"That's one way to look at it."

After a moment of silence Bill said, "Mrs. Peckham, are you positive that the body found was that of your husband?"

Her eyes searched his face intently. Then they widened significantly. She gave a little gasp.

"Oh. Oh, I see what you mean. Good heavens. What a fool I've been. But, no, Tom couldn't do that to me. He couldn't. Though I'm not at all sure that was his body."

"It was Grandpa. It was," Bundy cried furiously. "Don't make it any worse. You know it was he."

Mrs. Peckham whirled on her, blazing-eyed. Then abruptly she closed her mouth, shrugged, and

round. He opened a silver box on the table and took out a cigarette. Mrs. Peckham watched him sullenly. Saving pennies was one of her hobbies. Steve passed the box and left it open. After a minute she closed it.

Bundy was oblivious of this by-play. She blinked back tears.

Bill asked, "Mrs. Peckham, did your husband leave a will?"

"Yes, Mr. Helm's the executor. He's welcome to it," she snapped. "His life insurance even is borrowed on. He didn't miss a bet."

Bundy said savagely, "You make me sick. You've saved thousands out of the household expenses. The amounts you got out of him were awful. I saw your bankbook."

"Oh, that was you, was it? Did you 'see' my diamond bracelet, too? The one I 'lost' six months ago?" Corinne rose to her feet.

"Look, Corinne," Steve said firmly, "haven't we enough trouble without that?" He went over and put an arm round her.

The hard, tough Mrs. Peckham burst into tears and accepted his handkerchief. She wept on his shoulder. "Everyone's so mean to me."

Steve patted her. His turned head made a grimace at Bill. This hypocrisy was necessary, he intimated. Bill watched with interest. Bundy seemed relieved.

"I miss Tom horribly," sobbed Mrs. Peckham with true feminine inconsistency. "I try to be sensible. Everyone thinks I'm made of iron. I can't stand any more."

"I know. You're wonderful, Corinne. I mean it," Steve said convincingly.

Mrs. Peckham looked up through her tears. "It's just being left this way, without a cent. It made me mad at him. But he's gone. Oh, Steve, he looked so—so—awful. Why did they make me see him?" She collapsed on his shoulder again.

After an interval Steve said kindly, "Now, can't you girls get along together, at least till this thing's cleared up? You don't want to make a scandal out of it, do you, Corinne?"

"Of course not," Mrs. Peckham's breath fluttered. "She even tried to smile weakly. 'I didn't mean it. The maid stole my bracelet. It was my own fault for leaving it about. Oh, for heaven's sake, Lieutenant French, help us if you can.'"

She dragged herself to the couch and lay down. Bundy went to cover her solicitously with a white afghan.

Bill and Steve took their departure.

Bill said, "I'd like to talk to Helm, her lawyer. You know where his office is?"

"I know everything," Steve said wearily. "Lord, but I hate that cat, Corinne."

They drove downtown. Steve dropped Bill near Helm's office building. Bill paused for a few minutes.

The hot sun felt good. Hundreds of other people thought so. They sat side by side on green benches placed at right angles to the kerb lining the street on both sides. Crowds of old people strolled by staring happily at one another. Bill caught snatches of talk. Every other word was "Peckham."

Please turn to page 40

By CHRISTOPHER HALE

glanced at Bill. You see what I'm up against! No use arguing with her.

But Steve tried it. He tried to make Bundy understand it was vitally important to be absolutely sure of the identification. A mere intuition or belief wasn't good enough.

Bundy wouldn't budge. She knew it was he. No, she knew of no birthmark, nothing tangible to prove it beyond his clothing and papers. But she knew it was Tom Peckham.

"But, good heavens, Bundy, it would be far more to your interest not to be sure," Steve raged at her, his face a dark red. "Don't be such a dope. Can't you even admit there is a doubt?"

Bundy faced them all, frozen rigid. "But I know, I tell you. I know it."

Steve got up and began to walk





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# My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

By  
**CHARLES ROBBINS**

THE young woman pushed the screen door wide and walked across the porch. Let the door slam, her manner said. But its back sweep was blocked, and, yawning again, it emitted a slightly built, bareheaded boy, about twelve or thirteen years old. Without pausing, he went after the girl, his pursuit a compromise between dignity and haste.

Catching up, he adjusted his strides to hers, and side by side in the luminous dusk of the spring evening, without speaking or glancing at each other, they walked along under the branching elms.

About a hundred yards from the house they had left, there was a vacant lot, grown up with weeds. The moment they reached it, the girl stopped.

"This is where you get out," she said. "It's the end of the line."

The boy just stared at her.

She was a fragile, pretty girl in her early twenties. Usually, her expression suggested stillness, but now she wore a sulky look.

"Didn't you hear what I said?" she asked at last. "This is where you get out."

"Don't you want to go to the movies?" the boy replied in a voice younger than his face.

She disregarded the question, saying, "I just learned to-day about what you did at school. What made you do a stupid thing like that?"

What right did you have to do it?

"I couldn't help it," the boy said.

"Anybody'd do the same thing."

She let her breath escape in a sound of exasperation. "What did you hear?" she asked.

"Joe Emery said you were going round with this—this Flanagan. His sister told him she saw you with him and . . ."

His glance shied away from hers.

"And what? I don't suppose you mind if I just go out with somebody, do you?"

"I don't know—he said you were sort of drinking and carrying on. I couldn't let him get away with that, Louise."

"You couldn't let him get away with it! Even if it were true, it's none of your business! People probably think there's something in it now, just on account of you. You think there is, don't you?"

"No," he said uncertainly. "I didn't believe it . . ."

"Then why did you come round to-night, after I told you not to?"

He hesitated. "Well, I thought maybe you might change your mind—and I told you what Bill said."

What Bill said . . .

Yesterday, when it had seemed that this boy had attached himself to her only because of some chance remark in one of his elder brother's letters, she had tried to reason with him. She had tried to make him understand that she and Bill meant nothing to each other, had probably never exchanged more than a hundred words.

The mere fact that he had lately begun to send her hasty scrawls, signed "Love and Kisses, Bill," meant nothing. She knew how it was: he thought he ought to have some girl to write to—it was the thing to do—and she served the turn

as well as any. He was reckless and unreliable. If she were fool enough to take him seriously, there could never be anything in it for her but pain—the slow kind if he came back, and worse if he did not. And she had no talent for pain.

She had explained all this clearly enough to the boy last night. There was no need of further explanations, especially now, since she had heard about what he had done at school. Yet, here they were, talking. Not he, but her own antagonism, was leaving, and in its place she felt an irrational urge to explain and justify all over again. It was as though she could not begin to walk away until she had convinced him, finally, that his brother had no claim on her.

When the sound fell from the sky, she was saying, "If Bill and I were engaged it would be different. But we're not even close friends. And as for Larry Flanagan, I do see him occasionally, but it doesn't mean any more than seeing Bill used to . . ."

Then it was racketing all round her: the usual, the harmless, the nevertheless mysteriously terrifying noise of planes. Her head snapped back, and through an opening in the leaves she saw them, sweeping low in practice flight over the town. They were gone in an instant. Already the reverberations rolled more softly along the street, but she didn't move.

"AT-10s," the boy said, but she did not move or speak, knowing that she could never explain this thing away . . .

Whether or not they were close friends made no difference; the pain he would some day surely give her did not matter. Only one thing in the whole world mattered, and that was her feeling for him, as sudden and terrifying as the noise of planes.

He was the only one who could make her feel this way, she knew, and in her heart she knew he would be killed . . .

From springs almost as deep as those from which these thoughts had flowed, the part of her which wanted pleasure, which wanted to live easily and carelessly, drew the strength to revolt, and all at once, as though by banishing the boy she could dismiss the conflict within her, she turned on him, exclaiming, "Go on home!"

He took a surprised step backward and replied, "You said you'd go to the movies."

"I only said that to get you out of the house. I knew you'd hang round for hours if I didn't!"

"Where are you going?"

She looked at him incredulously, seemed about to speak and then, instead, pushed past him, keeping her eyes straight ahead.

to the corner, she turned left and crossed the street. The boy tagged after her with the apologetic air of a stray dog. Half-way down the block a car was parked, facing them, its blind headlights blinking in the glare of oncoming cars. The girl kept to the middle of the walk, then veered toward the kerb. As she did so the door of the car—a rakish-looking convertible with the top up—opened and a man in a tan gabardine suit clambered out.

"Hi, Beautiful!" he said. "You're late."

"I couldn't help it," the girl said and, edging past him, she slipped into the car and pulled the door shut.

The man glanced at the boy, who had halted a few feet away.

"Who's this?"

"His name is Howard Martin. Let's go."

"Is he with you?"

"He's not with me. He's just haunting me. Tell him to go home."

"Go home," said the man, adding after a moment. "He doesn't go. Does he talk?"

"He talks," the girl said. "He does everything but leave me alone."

"What's his name again?" And



"Didn't you hear what I said?" the girl asked peremptorily.

when she had repeated it, he continued, "What are you haunting the little lady for, Howard?"

The boy faced him stiffly, as though at attention. "She said she was going to the movies with me."

"And she was going out with me all the time!"

"I'll tell you about it later," the girl said. "Don't waste time talking to him."

"Aw, I wanna talk to Howard," replied the man in a burlesque, child's voice. "Have you by any chance been courting Miss Maxwell, Howard?"

Suddenly, he slapped his thigh and began to laugh. "Here I been trying to figure out why I haven't got to first base with the fair Louise! I thought I must be losing my charm! And now it all comes out—right out in the open! I've just been running against tough opposition! I've got a rival I didn't know about!"

She said furiously, "He thinks I'm deceiving his brother or something! That's why he's been following me around for four days! He thinks if I'm out with him I can't be out with you!"

"Well, what do you know! How did all this get started?"

"He heard some boy at school talking about us and they got into a fight, and now it's all over town!"

"Well!" said the man. "You must be quite a lad, Howard. Who is your brother, by the way? Do I know him?"

"No," the girl said. "He's in the Army."

"Army Air Forces," the boy said. "And you think I'm cutting in on his time. Am I, Louise?"

"Listen, Larry, are we going or not? If not, I'm going home."

He looked at her curiously. "Well," he said, "we have a problem here. What do you think we'd better do, Howard? Toss a coin to see who goes out with Miss Maxwell?"

"She shouldn't go round with you while she's Bill's girl," the boy said.

At the words, her face loomed in the opening above the car door.

"For the hundred and twenty-ninth time: I'm not your brother's girl! Can't you get that through your head?"

"He says you are," the boy insisted. "He told me to look out for you."

dirty trick in a way. But if he goes, maybe it'll teach him a lesson."

A one-story stucco roadhouse, the Red Horse Inn boasted a five-piece colored band, drinks and rudimentary food at gala prices.

Larry Flanagan was a frequent customer of the Red Horse Inn. He seldom danced, preferring to sit drinking and talking at the bar, or in one of the booths round the walls. But to-night, after remaining seated in a booth for nearly two hours, he exposed himself to the hazards of the small, tightly packed dance floor. Impervious to the band's solicitations, he walked his partner half-way round the room, and, opposite the bar, began to shuffle monotonously.

"You know," he said, "I'm getting a little fed-up with Howard."

When she made no reply, he tilted his head to look at her face.

"I'm sorry, Louise."

"Why did you tell him to come out here?"

"Just for a gag."

She looked up at him, her eyes heavy with anger. An hour ago, seeing the boy walk across the floor toward them, she had felt anger, as simple and direct as fire.

To escape the laughter of Ed and Helen, who were with them in the booth, she had pretended a contemptuous indifference; she had tried to side with them against the boy, knowing that she was the butt of the joke. And all the time he had sat there, silent unless spoken to and then answering seriously, while they made fun of him. The fun had not touched him.

Anger had spread inside her until it was like a fever. Now she could not get rid of it. Piercely she accused Larry of wanting to humiliate her before the others.

"Don't be silly!" the man replied. "I just made a mistake. I never would have done it, if I'd had any idea what this was like."

He lowered his head and went on ingratiatingly. "What do you say we sneak out of here, Louise? Leave the kid with Ed and Helen. Let them worry about him. It'd be a good joke."

"I've had enough of your jokes for one evening."

"Come on, kitten! Why spoil the whole night? We can still save some of it."

"We could have saved it all, if you hadn't been so smart!"

"For gosh sake! I admit I made a mistake, and you act as if I'd murdered my mother or something! What's the matter? Are you really keen on this guy?"

"Who?"

"This Bill guy? Has Howard got the right dope after all?"

She jerked her arm away and started for the booth, skirting the dancers. The man followed sullenly.

The boy was sitting next to the wall. There was an untouched glass of ginger ale in front of him; his back was straight and his face impassive. Beside him sat a disillusioned-looking young woman, her too-blond hair done up ornately in curls. On her other side, fingering a highball glass, was a man with protruding, pale blue eyes.

"I know," the man said. "It was a

Please turn to page 32

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# THE PEOPLE CAN THINK

**Just a lad, but he was not too young to strike a blow for his country.**

**H**E sat on the narrow cot, squirming. Part of this was physical discomfort, for the cot was too close to the floor for good sitting.

But mostly his fidgeting was from nervousness, for the attic room was so tiny, and he was used to open fields.

Seventeen, he might have been, discounting the lines about his mouth and eyes that made him seem older. Only a lad—yet not too young to strike a blow for France!

The door opened. He sprang to his feet, and seized the only chair in the room, but his jaw slackened as a little old lady rustled in, arranging the lace shawl about her shoulders with her doll-like hands.

She looked at him sternly a long moment, and said: "The sun shines."

He stuttered before his hands on the chair relaxed, and he found his voice: "—and the wind is free," he answered.

At this she smiled faintly, and seated herself, arranging the grey dress neatly over her knees. She motioned that he should sit, then waited for him to speak.

"You are Mme Redeaux?"

A nod. "Oui, monsieur."

"I am Denis Brisson, of Langres."

Not enough. Only a half-smile on the lips facing him.

"My father is Prosper-Louis Brisson, now a prisoner of the Nazis. My grandmother is Mathilde Brisson. She says you know her."

Still the half-smile, but also another little nod.

"I—I—asked for a meeting with a British agent," Denis went on, not knowing exactly how to go about this job. "Will I see him here?"

"Did you expect to?"

"I—I—don't know."

"How did you come to make such a request? By what means?"

"Before the war, madame, I had much pleasure with a short-wave station. A small one I made myself. Grand'mere has always been very good to me, and she gave me money for the parts. I had friends then among other amateur stations, one in England. When we went to war I had to stop, of course. By Government decree, that was. But I was then building another set which was not yet registered.

"Thus when the Nazis came and I had to surrender my equipment, I was able to deceive them. They got only the old set, and I can still talk by air!"

"Is it possible?" murmured the old lady. "And—"

"My friend in England still operates, madame. For his government, now, as a gossip station to keep contact in occupied territories. I have still called him on rare occasions, madame. It is dangerous—but very—and difficult to stretch the antennae in the dark of night, so I cannot do it regularly nor often. But I called my English friend a week ago, and told him it was urgent I talk with a British agent."

"What! And without revealing yourself?" murmured Mme Redeaux. "Surely he must need to know who asked, and surely you dare not give your name by air."

"We have our nicknames, madame." The boy flushed to the roots of his hair. "When we became acquainted by air, madame, before the war, we also wrote letters and sent pictures. He—he called me 'Skinny,' after he saw my picture."

Madame's smile deepened. "How simply done!" she said admiringly, to ease the boy's embarrassment. "You told your nickname, and he knew who you were, and where. But then?"

"Then I waited, madame. And one day word was whispered to my grandmother over the counter at the cafe by one who paid his check. He looked German, that one, and I was afraid. But grand'mere said no, he could not be German, for no

German spy would have the subtlety to seem German. The word was to come to Dijon, and to do thus and so, and to come here and ask for you, and what to say for the password."

"Ah." Still the half-smile as the eyes across from him studied the boy.

"Grand'mere said if you doubted my identity, to remind you of a wedding party at the Chateau d'Arenecourt, when Mlle Amelie married M. Henri de Brioude. She thought you would surely remember how the men played tricks to delay the music."

The lips parted wider. "I didn't really doubt you, my son," said Mme Redeaux gently. "You have the eyes and the forehead of the Roland men-folk, and their height and shoulders. I think you have more from your grandmother than from your mother. On your return, take my warmest greetings to Mme Brisson. It is too long since we have met; and who knows—we are getting so old. . . . But how did you come to Dijon?"

"By bicycle, madame."

"So far! You must be very tired. It will be a little while you must wait, so be as comfortable as you can."

She rose abruptly, bent and kissed the boy's forehead, and left. Denis sank back on the cot—he hadn't realised he was so weary until she reminded him of it. He even fell into a half sleep while he waited.

The door opened again, swinging back without warning, and a man stood there framed in the opening, right hand significantly in his pocket. It would be hard to call his age. He might have been thirty-five or forty-five—or fifty-five, and one could no more tell what was behind his eyes than behind the blank walls.

He stood in the doorway as Denis sprang to his feet, grasping the chair as he had done the first time the door had opened on him. Each waited for the other to speak, but neither did. Then the older man

took his hand from his pocket, entered the room, and closed the door.

"I wanted to see—" Denis said doubtfully. "Are you—I—"

No help here. "You don't look English," Denis began again. "I—"

"Well!" the other drawled. "One who wrote English in loud characters over his person would meet with short shrift in Dijon to-day."

Denis flushed. "Of course—I hadn't thought. But I—" He stopped dead and clamped his lips together.

"Mme Redeaux has just vouched for you to me," the man went on, in excellent French. He had a cool voice, and rather dry, but friendly for all that. He smiled, gesturing, and Denis sank back to the edge of the cot. "And since she sent me here, then the implication is she vouches for me to you. Is it not so? Can you not accept that?"

"I—I suppose so."

**T**HE Englishman sat down, then he continued slowly. "But I respect you for being cautious. This is extremely wise. So you are Denis Brisson? Of Langres? The operator of F-9-HM?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Really! You seem so young—"

The Englishman chuckled and held up his hand as the boy stiffened and color rose again to his cheeks. "No disgrace, my boy. Quite the contrary. Ah, Denis—I may call you that? I am sure my own generation took longer to break into things."

He held out a cigarette-case.

"I do not smoke, monsieur."

"You will not mind if I do?" The man lit a cigarette and blew the first puff luxuriously. His eyes meanwhile studied the boy. "You were naturally careful in coming here. Is it possible you could have been followed?"

**Denis sprang to his feet, grasping the chair, as the stranger entered.**

"No, monsieur, I am sure of it."

"True, you are not known in Dijon," mused the other. He came more to attention. "I am M. Lauris. You will understand, of course, that is not my name. But you will not mind? And you have a matter of import to discuss with me."

"Yes, monsieur."

"Then let us get to business."

Here, however, a discreet knock sounded, and the old servant who had admitted Denis shuffled in with a foot-square table on which was a silver tray with a cut-glass decanter and small glasses.

"Liquor de cassis, messieurs," he said in a cracked voice. "Madame hopes you will like it. It is from our happiest year."

Dijon was famous for its black-currant brandy. The old man set the table down and went out, whereupon "M. Lauris" poured from the decanter and lifted his own glass to Denis in a casual toast. "Now, then, to business. Will you tell me why you wanted to talk with a British agent?"

The liqueur warmed the boy's throat and loosened his tongue. His distrust vanished. He bent forward eagerly.

"Monsieur, on the plateau of Langres, about six kilometres north of the city, the Nazis have constructed a tank farm for reserve gasoline. For aeroplanes, monsieur. They have done this with French materials and the labor of French war prisoners, and with great secrecy. The tanks are not visible from the air, for they were dug under camouflage net, and no sooner completed than covered over and the ground planted."

The Englishman nodded. "We have had reports of this." At the

disappointment surging to Denis' face, he chuckled again. "Only reports, Denis. Every authentic bit of information helps, if only to confirm; and usually there are new points to help fill out the picture. I am sure your information will do that. Go on."

"They have built nine tanks of sixty thousand litres each one, and they cover five acres of land."

"And you tell me this—why?"

"Because we want the British to destroy them! They are now all filled or nearly filled."

"You mean by bombing, of course. It would be extremely difficult to spot the area from the air, buried as the tanks are. In fact, impossible."

"But there I have a plan, monsieur! I have thought it all out very carefully, and I have told it to my grandmother, and she approves very highly! And if you knew my grandmother—"

"I do know Mme Brisson, Denis! A very fine lady, and one I am proud to know. But, alas, we are not acquainted friends, for I know her only from the cafe where she sits and knits and receives customers and gives change. She would not recognise my name if I gave it to you. Therefore take to her the compliments of one who must remain M. Lauris. But your plan?"

Denis hitched forward eagerly.

"Monsieur, you have paper? A pencil?" Denis set the liqueur-tray on the cot beside him and pulled the tiny table close. "Here in Langres, the vicinity, you will understand. Here is Langres—on the way from here to Langres, but close there. Here Bourg, here Brennes-le-bas. This is where my farm is," he said proudly.

"Here, north of the city"—he drew





## By GRANVILLE CHURCH

a circle—"is the verboten territory where the tanks are sunk. All the surrounding area has been preempted by the Nazis. Poor old M. Tourne was one who was ejected. He had nowhere to go, so he lives at my farm now. Two other farms were taken over.

"The Nazis have erected high wire all about here, and patrols are established, but every day they make war prisoners do the work inside, so that from the air it will all look like occupied farms.

"The late wheat on M. Tourne's farm is ripe and will be scythed in a day or two. As always, it will be threshed on the field, and the straw gathered in bundles. They will stand these bundles at intervals to dry further. Mark that, monsieur. They will so stand for some days; and as the field extends beyond the fence, then these shocks will stand on both sides.

"Here, monsieur, is the old thatched-roofed farm building of the Risson family, which has been used for years for their goats and chickens. You will not find so many thatch roofs nowadays in the Haute-Marne, monsieur, and therefore this building is a great blessing.

"And here is an orchard of apples and pears, and the trees stand in even rows. Mark, monsieur, in even rows, and on both sides of the verboten fence.

"The fourth corner of an exact even-sided square surrounding these tanks, monsieur, is an old quarry. Much building stone once came from there, but the quarry has long been disused and is thickly overgrown. The brush and trees are quite dry now. That quarry, monsieur, is my province," the boy said fiercely, his eyes burning up into the older man's. "There is a reason."

There surely was. Not long past, his father, Prosper Brisson, captured in the fall of Sedan in May, 1940, and used by the Nazis in a

must fly high, you know. Had you thought of that?"

"Monsieur, note well. You will find them on any map. Here are three towns which form a rough kind of V pointed somewhat toward England, with Langres placed at the open top. Le-Haut-du-Sec and Montigny-le-Roi form the two top points, and Arc-en-Barrois the lower point. Langres is here. For this formation of cities your fliers can look, and they can hover aloft just between Le-Haut and Montigny, and north of Langres, and we will hear them. We will be ready, monsieur."

It took little more discussion before M. Lauris was won. The two drank a standing toast in the good cassis de Dijon.

"And how does it happen, Denis, that you are at liberty to come to Dijon?"

"A short time ago, monsieur, one M. Jarnier met death." (Aye—he met death. And Denis himself could tell how and why!) "A traitor, monsieur. He was a farmer who supplied the markets of Dijon twice each week with green produce and rabbits and squabs. At his death, was it not right that someone should take his place?"

"It is quite a distance. How did you get here?"

"By bicycle-cart, monsieur."

"One thing more, Denis," said the Britisher. "You have given this much thought. You know if it succeeds, or even if we try and fail, that it will mean many, many arrests. Perhaps, even, summary execution of completely innocent hostages. You know that, of course?"

The boy's voice faltered for the first time. "We have thought of that, monsieur."

"Then it is settled. And how shall we communicate?" The Englishman smiled. "Had you thought of that, too?"

"Yes, monsieur. We have a hidden

radio at the cafe. We listen every night as the cafe closes, to the American station WRUL, monsieur. You can get word to them to notify us?"

"Perfect! They will gladly co-operate. What will the word be? Let me think. . . . The orchard, apples—that will come well from New England, where station WRUL is located. The night before we strike they will announce about apples in New England. They will speak the word apples three times in what they say. Then on the following night we will fill the skies above you at exactly 22 hours. Do your part well."

With one hand on the knob of the door, the Britisher threw his other arm about the French lad and pulled the boy to him in a strong hug.

"Be of cheer, Denis," he said. "I have a son at home almost as old as you. If he becomes as clear-headed and strong of will as you are, I shall be proud of him indeed. And when this horrible nightmare is finished, perhaps a visit, to acquaint ourselves properly. . . . God go with you, Denis."

**I**N the lower hall Denis met Mme Redeaux again. She handed him a package.

"For Mme Brisson, mon ami. It is a rose sparkling burgundy bottle for my house in better times. It is of a ripeness that will bring back memories." And she added practically: "You must have evidence of a social call, just in case you are stopped."

Denis had brought to Dijon a load of farm products for marketing. He'd used a light cart mounted on a pair of bicycle wheels, drawn by himself. Now, mounting the bicycle, he set off for home.

At the outskirts of the city Nazi guards advanced meaningfully, and began questioning him. They accepted his story without question, however, after examining his papers, and he continued on his way, without further interruption, out of the city into the country.

His thoughts raced with the wheels, and his scowl deepened. Over and over his plans he went, and could find no weak spot. If only M. Lauris did his part. . . .

The French could still fight. For life, for light, for freedom, for the right to security and happiness.

The people can think! The French had always been able to think.

His legs were numb by now. Darkness fell as he pedalled on, and at length he reached home, to fall from his bicycle into the arms of M. Tourne, the dispossessed, and Jean-Paul, his farmer helper.

Time took to leaden wings after Denis' return from Dijon. This despite the fact he had so much to do, and more than ever now, with a certain amount of commiserating with M. Tourne, which seemed necessary to keep the man on his feet, and driving the Risson boys to train and train and practise their archery.

This wasn't easy, for arrows are weapons, and weapons were denied the people of France, so that it was a risky business even to be done secretly. But there was good reason for taking the risk. Those boys had to be able to place their arrows. There must be no failure; they had to be good! And Denis kept them at it and at it.

Guillaume Risson was thirteen; Maurice was twelve. When the Risson farm was seized by the Nazis to clear the territory surrounding their new storage tanks, the mother and father and the boys' sister Pauline had gone to relatives in Neully l'Éveque, some kilometres away. But until space could be provided, the two boys had to be left with friends.

So Denis had taken them in hand. Every day they "reported" to him at his farm, and practised, sworn to silence, with the bows and arrows Denis made for them. He couldn't tell them why they were doing this. He didn't need to, anyway, for the air of conspiracy he created was meat to the hearts of these boys.

A week so passed. Ten days. The boys were getting really good now. Denis patted their shoulders and gave them the praise they deserved.

"To-morrow night you shall take supper here with us," he declared. "In celebration! Tell your good friends this, that they will not worry. A real supper, too! To-morrow night."

A new moon was rising as Denis pedalled his load in to the cafe that evening. He reached the cafe somewhat after eight, as usual, and sat down in the kitchen to some of his mother's excellent cooking while she unloaded his big bicycle basket.

They didn't talk much, Denis and his mother. Denis had less in common with her, or with his sister Emilie, than with his old grandmother, Mathilde Brisson. Very close in their hearts were these two, the very young and the very old.

Mme Brisson—Mama to most of her old friends—was past seventy now. Every night, save Sundays, year after year, had she sat in her high stool-chair behind the counter at one end of the cafe.

knitting, and peering over her steel-rimmed spectacles at customers as they entered, and greeting her friends with a smile—only, there'd been little enough of smiling since the fall of France!

Beside the counter was a round-topped glass case of Louis XIV ormolu gilt, tarnished black with age. It once had held candles and tobacco, but now displayed only empty cartons in ghostly memory.

At her elbow was a cash register, an ancient relic of a machine.

And behind her—behind her stood the tall glass-doored shelving, fixed to the wall, which once had stored such delicacies as some of her customers called for from time to time. Now there was nothing on these shelves but a dozen jars of conserve, and these were not for sale but for use in the cafe. There were, however, many rows of empty pots against another season when sugar could be had. And behind some of these pots—

Promptly as Emilie shot the bolt on the front door, Denis and his mother joined Mathilde Brisson behind the counter. The blackout curtains were drawn; not a crack remained for seeing in or seeing out. Emilie remained to listen, too, and Mama Brisson swivelled in her high chair toward the glass-doored cabinet behind the counter.

Denis reached in behind a row of empty conserve pots on a high shelf and with a little manoeuvring slid open a panel. He poked his fingers through the opening into the very wall of the building. This was his own installation, and so cleverly concealed was it that the Nazis could search the house over and over and find nothing more "vicious" than the small fixed-station radio kept on the bookcase against the rear wall of the cafe.

This hidden radio was a battery set and took no time to warm up. A voice in Norwegian was ending the hour. Then came the opening bars of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and a new voice spoke in French:

"America speaks to France! This is Station WRUL—"

The feeling Denis had been building up all day now flooded his whole body. He began to tremble. His grandmother reached out her hand to his shoulder, and he leaned back against the counter to stop his shaking.

So they had listened regularly, these four, to word from outside ever since French stations no longer gave them the truth. Denis had been bringing supplies to the cafe in the evening, not only because daylight hours were so precious on the farm, but because it wasn't safe to listen to the forbidden foreign broadcasts until after the cafe could be legitimately locked up for the night.

He'd always come in every other evening, but only he and his grandmother knew why, since his return from Dijon, he'd made it every night. There'd been no point in letting his mother and sister—timid creatures both—into the secret, so it meant nothing to them when, after some news items, came a bit of nostalgia from the French speaker.

Please turn to page 10

slave battalion ever since, had been brought to the Haute-Marne for this very construction work that Denis was now intent on destroying. He had escaped, and while waiting to get word to his family, that they might come to him one at a time, had hidden out in just such an abandoned quarry as Denis now described. But he had been betrayed, the quarry surrounded, and he was recaptured and sent to no one knew where.

M. Lauris had followed the lad's words, and his quick pencilings with absorption; and as Denis went on to reveal his plan, the Englishman's eyes lit up. He began to get the picture. Perhaps it could be done. Perhaps there was something in this plan.

"But it will be so difficult to locate Langres itself, Denis. Our planes



Nazi guards advanced meaningfully, and began questioning the boy.



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### Aura Jackson, who lived on an Air Force Station while she wrote this book, says:

"This has been the day-by-day story of a girl who joined our Air Force. I have written it just as A.C.W. Madge Elliott told it to me during the week which the Air Force permitted me to spend on the R.A.A.F. station where she is a motor transport driver.

When I first got the idea of writing the true story of a girl in our Air Force, I had hoped to come upon a story full of exciting plot, or incident. Well, I found that the Air Force itself provides all the excitement and incident, and the girls play what seemed to me to be an incredibly great part in our own great drama of the air. Some of those stories I could tell—some will have to remain untold until after the war. But I have passed them all by to tell the straightforward story of this one girl who might well be any girl in our Air Force. Good luck to you Madge!"

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# The People Can Think

Continued from page 9

WITH a sigh the speaker said, "I have been very homesick for my home in Normandy. We had there apple trees behind the house, and this is the season the apples are ripe. I have here, behind the little house I rent near the sea-shore, an apple tree just like those at home, and it is groaning with fruit. What has happened to my old home this year? I can only conjecture—"

Denis started trembling again, and seized the counter behind him for support. Mama Brisson was the practical one now. Taking charge of things swiftly, she sent Lucille and Emille to the kitchen to clean up. Denis turned off the radio, replaced the panel, and shut the glass door, and turned to face his grandmother.

"It has come," she whispered, and put her hands on both his shoulders to pull him closer. "I almost wish this moment I could stop it. But it's too late for that. We must go through with it now."

"Of course, we'll go through with it," Denis exclaimed, his eyes shining. "Grandmere, think what a loss it will be to them, the life blood of their army!"

"Yes, yes," she nodded sadly, and her voice quavered. "And what of the loss to me? Ah, mon petit-fils, you're my very life!"

She took a long breath to get hold of herself and continued in a forced, matter-of-fact vein: "Everything is in readiness, Denis. I've had the letter from my brother for three days. You will take it to the authorities to-morrow and get your Ausweis for the trip. I think you will have no trouble. You will set out in the afternoon, and do not double back until well after dark. There will be time. And mind me, Denis, you will wear your winter underwear, and no foolishness—"

Denis laughed. "I know all this, Grandmere. I'm not a baby. We've been all over it, and I'll do everything you have said."

"And you'll stay with your grandmother until I write you it's safe to return. Take enough food, but not

too big a bundle, or every Nazi will want to inspect it. And I have some chocolate for you. I have been saving it—"

"No, no chocolate, Grandmere," said Denis firmly. "It might be found, and I should have to explain where I got it. I'll take only food from the farm."

"You are right," she sighed. "But here, I finished this new sweater for you to-day. It goes under your coat, and you must wear it, whether or no; and—oh, Denis, Denis," she cried, "How can I let you go? What shall I do if anything happens to you? If I should lose you, I can only lie down and die—"

"Nothing will happen, Grandmere. I shall be most circumspect before all the Boches I meet. I shall be all right."

"Say good-bye to your mother and sister now, and don't return here," As she hugged the boy to her, her withered cheeks were wet.

Denis procured his permit to travel, without too much trouble. He had to wait, and he had to tell his story to several, but the letter from his great-uncle told how ill the old man had been, and how he needed help; and, after all, there was no reason the boy should not go to Belgium.

As soon as the matter of permission was concluded, he hastened back to the farm and gave Jean-Paul lengthy instructions for keeping up the farm and supplying the café in his absence.

He took M. Tourne into his confidence at last, and for the first time since his farm had been seized, the man came to life. To revenge himself for that seizure!

Guillaume and Maurice were down by the windbreak. There Denis joined them, to let them into the secret, too, and to give them their full instructions. He knew he could trust them now. And, in any case, they would not leave the farm to-day until dark. He went over every detail again and again, until neither of the boys could be mistaken, and the synchronisation misfire.

"And instantly your work is finished, you will run, run, run! You will not wait to see a thing. You will join yourselves together and work your way wide round Langres to the other side as quickly as your legs will carry you. But keep to the deep shadows—do not be seen!"

"And if to-morrow you are stopped, you will cry and be bewildered, and say the terrible noise frightened you, and you want your mother, who is at Neuilly l'Evêque. You are going to her, whether or no there is room for you. And be sure to cry and act afraid. Be afraid—do not be ashamed at this! Ah, mes amis, do this well!"

It was late afternoon when Denis made up his bundle, strapped it on his back, and took leave of them all. Then on to his bicycle, and he was off.

He didn't extend himself. When darkness fell he was still not so many kilometres from home; and when night was sufficiently thick, he turned back and made quick time to the abandoned quarry he'd described to M. Lauris in Dijon.

He scouted the ground here carefully. He was quite alone. He ate sparingly—a big bun of coarse homeground wheat, some goat-curd cheese—poor stuff; a swallow of dry wine from the straw-covered bottle. Then he settled himself to wait.

Tedious this, yet exciting, too. He had no watch. He couldn't tell the time. There was no danger of his falling asleep, however. His blood was too stirred for that. For an hour he eyed the heavens anxiously.

Then it came! Thunder such as the plateau of Langres had never heard before. A slow-rising thunder that filled the sky ever louder and louder, until the very flesh vibrated to the steady roar. Yet Denis could not see a thing above. The pale new moon had risen, and there were the stars, but nothing else.

But ah, when many stars winked on and off in a straight path—a steadily advancing path! Still Denis could distinguish nothing, and doubts assailed him. Such tiny specks that he could not see them, so high, so far, how could they do the damage they were to do?

But then came the signal for action and he had no time for further misgivings.

A shower of incendiaries dropped

over a wide area and burst into dozens of sudden fierce fountains of flame. His cue. Their cue.

Swiftly Denis set his fires, prepared these long hours, and brush in the quarry-pit leaped into an island of flames—another island, another—and the islands into a sea.

Quickly he climbed to the top of the pit, mounting at the side in shadow, where movement would not show in that growing brilliance. Up, up to the top, where his bicycle was cached under some blackthorns. From here he could see over the countryside. There! M. Tourne had done his job. A kilometre or more away the old thatched-roofed building of the Risson farm was blazing furiously.

Denis looked to the right, to the left. Ah, the good boys, that fine young Guillaume, that sturdy young Maurice! He would hug them when next he saw them, fit to break their bones. With their arrows wound in waste and dipped in oil and set ablaze, they'd shot them into the verberant enclosure to set afire two converging lines each. To the fliers above, there were two V's of flames aimed at the heart of the tank farm—one of blazing wheat-straw cocks, one of fruit trees set afire by the tall grass under them.

These pointing V's were theatrical dressing that the heart of Denis could not resist. But dangerous! If the Nazis discovered these formations of fire, it would prove sabotage beyond doubt, and then would the citizens of Langres suffer!

But ah, the good Britishers, the good fliers! They were fixing it now so that no such evidence would exist!

Down came a veritable rainfall of small incendiaries over all that area of man-made fires. They surrounded the thatched hut, sprinkled the land where Denis now stood, and fell scattering over those two big V's, to spread the blaze and consolidate the burning letters into one field of flames.

Then came the heavy bombs! The first explosion knocked Denis to his knees. The ground shook under him, and there was the bomb's vivid burst of flame burgeoning in the night. A tank was hit and the flaming gasoline shot high into the air in a gigantic fountain.

Other tanks were hit, and those which didn't suffer direct blows were cracked by concussion, and the

leaking oil set ablaze until flames ate into the tanks themselves, and the ground exploded in huge bursts which sent flaming spume and earth hundreds of feet into the air.

Whatever Nazi soldiers had stood guard in that area were dead without a doubt. Not a living thing could have got away. Five acres of roaring inferno, and more, the sea of leaping flames spreading and flowing.

His job was done. Denis started to rise, and found that excitement had eaten his strength, there was no stiffening in muscles or bones. He gathered his thoughts for a moment, then crawled to his bicycle. He would keep to lanes and back roads until well on his way to Chaumont, and sleep the rest of the night—if he could!—in some protected spot off the path.

He would be careful. He would be most circumspect, should he be halted. He would look at their knees and seem stupid.

Denis mounted his bicycle and pedalled northward into the night.

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## I'M IN THIS TOO!

"Dulux" is now on the fighting fronts, protecting much of Australia's important war equipment. That's why you'll have to excuse my not being with you until victory is won.

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SUPERSEDES ENAMELS and VARNISHES

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## Floral favorites—old and new . . .

Find room for more flowers this spring. To the gay annuals you plant add some bright and beautiful flowers like these.

**D**ECORATIVE gerberas, shown at foot of page, are comparative newcomers. Sow seed during September, or set out mature plants now.

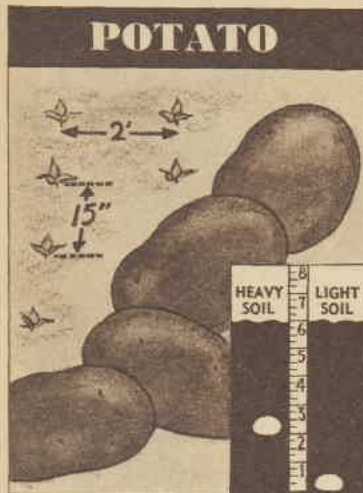
- Carnations have been prime favorites for 1000 years. They need well-drained soil, a sunny spot, and some lime. Set out plants as soon as possible.
- Cliveas (see them with ageratum) are evergreen, bulbous plants. They like semi-shade and rich soil. Set out bulbs in garden or bush-house now.
- Ageratum is really an annual, but behaves like a biennial—living 18 months or more in mild climates. Sow seed in September.
- Sun-loving gazanias have been greatly improved. Seedlings or divisions of old plants can be set out in borders now.
- Hail Hollyhocks! Hardy biennials or semi-perennials, they are tall, stately plants needing a place in the sun. Sow the seed in September.
- Delphiniums need the richest, best drained, elevated soil, and sunny conditions. Set out seedlings or old crowns at once.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.





# What to sow, how to plant, this Season.



**SOW SEED** tubers in well-prepared soil July-August and February-early-March in N.S.W.; Victoria, October-December; South Australia, late July-August and January-early-February; Western Australia, late July-August and January and early February.

**INSECT PESTS** include potato moth (impossible to control in the garden), brown vegetable weevil and cutworms (see elsewhere for control), 28-spot ladybird (use lead arsenate dust for control), and flea beetle (lead arsenate dust). Aphids can be controlled by nicotine spray.

**POTATOES MATURE** in 5 to 6 months. Dig tubers and store in closely woven hessian to exclude potato moths.

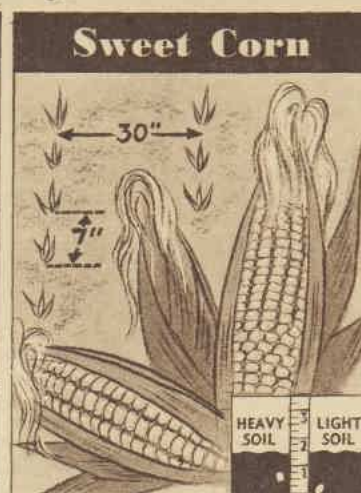


**SOW SEED** early in spring or autumn in well-dug soil that is rich in phosphoric acid. Place the seeds 2in. apart in staggered rows, with 2ft. between double rows.

**RESOW** at monthly intervals for succession. In hot districts peas do best as a winter and spring crop.

**INSECTS** causing most damage are snails and slugs (see "corn" for control), maize, and tomato moth caterpillar (use lead arsenate dust or spray), cutworms (use poison bran bait), and red-legged earth-mite (dust plants with sulphur or spray with atomic sulphur).

**PEAS MATURE** in 75 to 90 days. Sow early, medium, and late varieties.



**SOW SEED** after frost danger ends; N.S.W., August-January; Queensland, August-February; Victoria, September-January; South Australia, August-December; Western Australia, August-January. Needs rich soil containing abundant phosphoric acid and water.

**RESOW** at fortnightly intervals for succession.

**PESTS** are chiefly maize ear-worm and slugs and snails when plants are young. Ear-worm is difficult if not impossible to combat. Slugs and snails can be killed by spraying young plants with lead arsenate.

**CROP MATURES** 70 to 90 days according to variety. Harvest corn before kernels become too hard.



**PLANT SPROUTED FRUITS** in warm coastal districts, or areas free of severe frosts, as plants are cut down to ground annually. Plant fruits with large end downwards and narrow end protruding from ground as shown in sketch. Sprout should just peep through soil.

**CHOKOES** need sowing only once in about six to ten years. They need ample support, as they spread to 50ft. each way in good soil. Always plant on northern or eastern side of a fence.

**INSECT PESTS** chiefly snails and 28-spot ladybird. See elsewhere for control.

**CHOKOES** take two years to become established.



**SOW SEED** after frost danger is over; N.S.W., Sept.-January; Queensland, Sept.-January; Victoria, October-January; South Australia, Sept.-December; Western Australia, Sept.-January. Needs good soil, ample manure. Water regularly.

**RESOW** every six weeks for succession. Apple cucumbers are less indigestible than long green varieties. Pick gherkin varieties when 2½in. to 3in. long.

**WORST PESTS** are pumpkin beetle, 28 spot ladybird, aphids, and Rutherglen bug. For controls see "pumpkin."

**CUCUMBERS** are ready to harvest in about 70 days. Harvest daily—do not keep or vegetables become flabby.



**SOW SEED** in N.S.W., Jan.-October; Queensland, Feb.-October; Victoria, Sept.-June; South Australia, Jan.-October; Western Australia, Feb.-October. Use rich soil that has not been freshly manured. Sow thinly to avoid heavy thinning later.

**RESOW** every month or six weeks to maintain supplies. Roots are improved in flavor by frosting.

**INSECT PESTS** principally aphids and brown vegetable weevils. Dust with nicotine for aphid control and lead arsenate spray or poison bran baits for weevils and their larvae.

**CROP MATURES** in 4 to 5 months. Can be left standing well into winter, as roots improve during frosty weather.

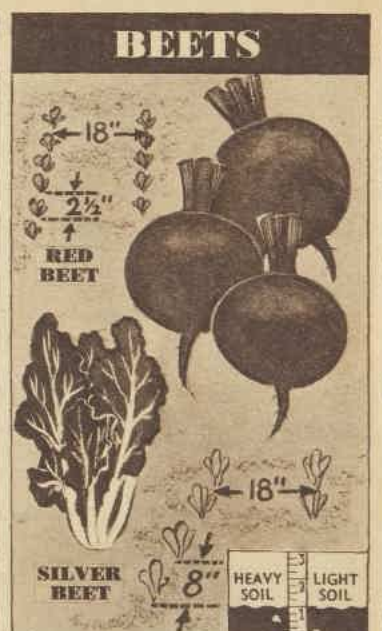


**SOW SEED DWARF, BUTTER, AND CLIMBING BEANS:** N.S.W., August to March; Queensland, all year round; Victoria, late September to February; South Australia, August to February; Western Australia, August to March. Sow lima beans when weather warms up.

**RESOW** dwarf beans in staggered double rows at fortnightly intervals. Two sowings of climbing beans will suffice.

**COMMON PESTS:** Bean beetles, bean flies, caterpillars of various kinds. Leaf eaters can be killed by spraying with lead arsenate. Bean flies and aphids need spraying with nicotine sulphate.

**CROP MATURES** in 50 to 100 days.



**SOW SEED** in bed of medium soil and transplant to fertile ground containing no fresh manure. Seeds of this vegetable can be sown in all States of the Commonwealth practically the year round. Only in the very coldest, frostiest areas is sowing risky.

**INSECT PESTS** are chiefly beet web-moth (use derris powder), brown vegetable weevil (use poison baits), aphids (use nicotine sulphate), red-legged earth-mite (see "peas"), and snails and slugs (see "corn" for control).

**ROOTS MATURE** in from 55 to 120 days, according to variety sown. Tops of red beets if not sprayed can be boiled and used as silver beet. Silver-beet foliage should not be sprayed.



# This chart will help you grow 17 kinds of vegetables

## CARROT



**SOW SEED** where crop has to grow and thin out 2in. to 3in. according to size of variety and fertility of soil. Seed can be sown throughout Commonwealth all the year round with possible exception in some districts of the driest months, when stands are often unsatisfactory. July is also a bad month in many districts.

**INSECT PESTS** seldom eat carrots, but springtails cause trouble if roots are exposed. Brown vegetable weevils will eat tops, and aphids cause heavy loss at times. See controls elsewhere on these pages.

**CARROTS MATURE** in 65 to 100 days. Proper thinning is important. Leave from 1in. to 3in. between plants.

## Sweet Potato



**PLANTS RAISED** from cuttings. Set out tubers for this purpose in good soil from August to November in New South Wales, and set out cuttings until January. Inland plantings should be postponed until danger of frost is past. In other States local practice should be followed as to sowing time. Cuttings should be set out in rich soil. As the plant is practically perennial, roots can be left standing.

**INSECT PESTS** are few, the worst being the grub of the sweet potato hawkmoth and weevil (lead arsenate dust or spray).

**SWEET POTATOES** prefer a long season and take about six or eight months to reach perfection.

## LETTUCE

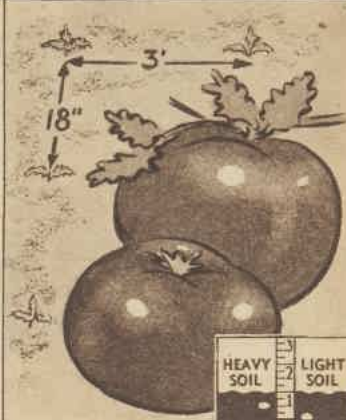


**SOW SEED** in well-prepared seed beds and transplant when big enough to handle. Can be raised year round except in very coldest districts. Needs rich soil and ample water.

**INSECT PESTS** include cutworm and brown vegetable weevil. Baits of chopped up lettuce or white turnip leaves, sprayed with lead arsenate will kill weevils. Both pests readily take a bait of 6lb. bran, 1lb. paris green, 5oz. molasses, 2oz. salt, and enough water to make the lot into crumbly mash. Scatter bait round plants at dusk. Spotted wilt is most prevalent disease (no control).

**LETTUCES MATURE** in ten to twelve weeks from sowing.

## TOMATO



**SOW SEEDS** in boxes, protected beds, or glass frames to get early start. Sow N.S.W., July-December; Queensland, July-January; Victoria, August-November; South Australia, July-December; Western Australia, July-January.

**PESTS ARE** numerous and include fruit flies (use tartar emetic spray), tomato and stem caterpillar (use lead arsenate spray), green vegetable bug (need hand picking), cutworms (see "lettuce"), brown vegetable weevil and aphids (see elsewhere for control), thrips (which cause spotted wilt—spray weekly with tartar emetic).

**TOMATOES** are ready to eat in 3 to 4 months according to variety. Late varieties take longer to mature.

## MELONS



**SOW SEED** in well-prepared, rich soil, or put ample manure at bottom of hill of soil. Sow N.S.W., September-December; Queensland, September-December; Victoria, October-December; South Australia, September - November; Western Australia, September-November. Sow seeds of watermelons 6ft. apart and rockmelons 4 to 5ft. apart.

**RESOW** not later than month last mentioned. Melons need ample water in early stages, but this must be gradually diminished as heat increases.

**INSECT PESTS** same as for pumpkin and cucumber.

**MELONS** mature about six months from sowing seed. Fruits are ripe if they sound hollow when rapped.

## Marrow, Squash



**SOW SEED** in N.S.W., Sept.-Feb.; Queensland, Sept.-Jan.; Victoria, Oct.-Jan.; South Australia, Sept.-Dec.; Western Australia, Sept.-Jan.

**RESOWING** every month or six weeks assures regular supplies of marrows. Squashes bear longer and one sowing is often enough to last until frosts cut plants down. Rotting of young fruits USUALLY due to faulty pollination. See "pumpkin" for remedy.

**MARROWS MATURE** 90 to 100 days. Cut marrows when green. Red squashes are best when mature. Custard squashes should be cut when green.

**INSECT PESTS:** Similar to those of "pumpkin."

## PUMPKIN



**SOW SEED** in N.S.W., Aug.-Jan.; Queensland, Sept.-Nov.; Victoria, Oct.-Dec.; South Australia, Sept.-Nov.; Western Australia, Sept.-Nov.

**INSECT PESTS** chiefly pumpkin beetles, 28-spot ladybirds, aphids, Rutherglen bugs. Lead arsenate dust or spray will deal with beetles and ladybirds, but bugs need pyrethrum and nicotine dust (equal parts). Aphids succumb to nicotine dust.

**ROTTING** of young fruit usually due to faulty pollination. Female flowers close early on hot days. Force them open and dust with pollen from male flower and fruits will set well.

**PUMPKINS MATURE** in 100 to 120 days. Leave fruits on vine to mature.

## CABBAGE



**SOW SEED** of quick-maturing varieties only at this time of year, such as St. John's Day and Sugar Loaf. Success with cabbages depends very largely upon the RIGHT VARIETY being sown at the RIGHT TIME. Follow local practice in every case.

**RESOW** monthly throughout year.

**INSECT PESTS** are numerous. Three of the worst are caterpillars of white butterfly and cabbage moth, and aphids. Lead arsenate dustings, followed by derris root when hearts are well developed, will kill leaf-eaters. Tobacco dust or nicotine sulphate spray will control aphids.

**HEADS MATURE** in from 80 to 100 days.



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*Private Enterprise has done these things and Private Enterprise is the only hope for the initiative and ambition of the Australian people and the assurance of national stability for the post-war period.*

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# Talking Books ... they read themselves

A 75-year-old man has read every one of the 369 Talking Books available from the Industrial Blind Institution in Sydney, and heads the list of subscribers waiting for the first new one imported when the war ends.

These Talking Books, which from their long-playing phonograph discs read themselves to blind people, are brought to Australia by the Institution for the entertainment and enjoyment of the blind.

**WHAT** do these books look like and how are they played? The Talking Book listener receives them in a stout black carton which the postman brings him.

They resemble the ordinary twelve-inch phonograph record except that they are much thinner and more flexible.

The top side has a title notation on it in braille. This he easily recognises, even if he is not adept at finger-reading.

Their thinness means that as many as twenty discs can travel in one carton, and their lack of brittleness adds to their durability.

The sound grooves on these discs run very close together, and each side will read aloud for fifteen or sixteen minutes.

This long-playing feature of the Talking Book records prevents their use on the ordinary phonograph.

A special electric reading machine, which closely resembles a portable phonograph, has been designed to play them. Its construction has been simplified so that sightless people can easily operate it by touch alone.

Like the blind Frenchman, Louis Braille, who, a century ago, brought reading to sightless people through his embossed dot alphabet, the man chiefly responsible for the Talking Book is also without sight.

He is Dr. Robert E. Irwin, execu-

tive director of the American Foundation for the Blind, which has its headquarters at 15 West Sixteenth Street in New York.

Through his contacts with sightless people, Dr. Irwin grew convinced that blind people were denied the enjoyment of books.

He himself had been instrumental in perfecting an inter-pointing system for printing braille which cut in half both the size and cost of braille publications.

But could the majority of the nation's blind read braille? Dr. Irwin believed they could not. Research workers from the foundation upheld this conviction.

Dr. Irwin set out to see that sightless Americans should get books in a way that they all could enjoy—on phonograph discs. He felt that his own organisation should sponsor this project.

His idea quickly caught the imagination of friends of the blind. A philanthropic New York woman gave funds to equip a laboratory, and the Carnegie Corporation underwrote a two-year period of research.

The late Frank L. Dyer, holder of a patent on a method of close-groove recording, made over his patent rights to the foundation as a memorial to his wife, Isabelle



**TALKING BOOK DISC.** Hands reading the title in braille belong to Mr. H. W. Thompson, honorary librarian at the Sydney Blind Institution Library.



**RECORDING.** Jan Struther, author of "Mrs. Miniver," recording her story for a Talking Book, in America.



**LISTENING.** Miss Nita Bowman, brush-maker, at the Industrial Blind Institution, listens to "How Green Was My Valley."

Archer Dyer. Out of this generosity and this research the Talking Book emerged.

The Sydney Institution's honorary librarian, Mr. H. W. Thompson, who is himself blind, met Dr. Irwin when he visited America in 1931 and again in 1936.

"He is a wonderful man, and has done so much to help the blind with his unceasing work," said Mr. Thompson.

## Few read braille

**IN** speaking to him in Australia I told him that we in Australia were disappointed that only 25 per cent. of the blind in our community were able to read braille. He told me not to be discouraged, as the same percentage applied to both England and the United States," added Mr. Thompson.

The first Talking Books were brought to Australia in 1935, and the library grew rapidly until war came. England's and America's output of recordings was then limited.

Most of their recent recordings are quickly absorbed in their own countries, and the number able to be exported is small.

The library supplies its subscriber with the special instrument to play the recordings, and the Talking Books are sent free of charge to any person who asks for them.

The Royal Victorian Institution for the Blind in Melbourne also supplies subscribers with Talking Books. Mr. Thompson finds the American recordings more durable, but likes the English voices.

During the past ten years the Talking Book has kept on expanding its scope in America. As a volume published in sound, it can transcend in variety books published in print.

It can bring to its listeners the actual voice of the author. It can bring music to enliven its chapters and create the atmosphere of the book's period.

It can present stage hits acted in

their entirety by casts of well-known players.

Among the author-voices which reach blind people in this way are those of Edna Ferber, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Thomas Mann, Eleanor Roosevelt, the late Alexander Woollcott, William Shirer, Archibald MacLeish, the late Hendrik Willem van Loon, and Somerset Maugham.

The usual procedure is for the author to begin the recording by reading the first "page" or fifteen-minute side, leaving the rest of the volume to be read by one of the trained readers from stage and radio who regularly record.

Occasionally, however, authors do read their own works from cover to cover. Jan Struther did this with "Mrs. Miniver."

Music came into the Talking Book almost at its beginning. In the case of recorded biographies of composers, its inclusion gives blind listeners a distinct advantage.

Music figures, too, as an accompaniment to the acted plays. These go on to the discs uncut, with full casts and all sound effects—everything, in fact, except costumes and scenery.

The Talking Book seems to have a future of even greater usefulness. Present plans indicate that, while its work as an entertainment medium will continue much as usual, its role in education will expand.

In the future also will come Talking Book discs which will play accompaniments for blind music students studying either voice or instrument.

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WONDERFUL DIFF-  
ERENCE TO MY  
SKIN.

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# Dobell finds best subjects in passing crowd



DARLINGHURST TYPES, sketched by William Dobell from the window of his flat in Darlinghurst, Sydney.

He is determined not to develop a "pretty" style

By KENNETH WILKINSON

Since his Archibald Prize picture made him famous, William Dobell has been besieged by people anxious to have him paint their portraits.

But he refuses most of these requests.

"I want to stop doing commissioned portraits," he told me. "I'm afraid they're making my style too pretty."

THE big exhibition of his work which is on view at David Jones' Gallery, Sydney, shows him to be a fearless and adventurous painter.

Yet he still feels horribly nervous when he is making sketches in the presence of a sitter.

"I feel overcome by the responsibility of the task," he said.

"It's only when I get away by myself and begin to transfer my chalk or pen-and-ink notes on to canvas that I feel calm and confident."

That modesty is not feigned. When I called on him he had just been viewing his exhibition.

It made him feel so depressed at what he regarded as his lack of achievement, that on the way home he bought a book of Pablo Picasso to begin a deeper and more serious study of modern painting.

He is still living in his small bachelor flat at King's Cross.

Palettes, colors, and canvases are lying about in various corners, and he cannot find a charwoman to give the place a good going-over.

"One woman came," he said, "but she took one look at the disorder, and immediately went away again."

Dobell's method of painting is very different from the popular idea of how an artist works.

He requires no long and tedious sittings from his models.

He sees them only once or twice, jots down his sketches of them, and does all the rest from memory.

He did the sketches for the big painting of Elaine Haxton in the midst of a cocktail party.

As the guests surged about him, he lost himself in his task.

Best of all, Dobell likes to sketch the queer characters he sees by accident as he goes about the day's business.

He has never found out the names of some of the people, although they have provided some of his most vivid paintings.

From the balcony of his flat he is continually making notes of the passing parade in Darlinghurst Road.

Three over-dressed women waiting for a bus, an American soldier with his girl, a child carrying a dog—such are the subjects.

Little do these passers-by dream that they may appear on the wall some day in a Dobell painting.

The sketch-books he brought back from his ten years in London teem with all sorts of quaint personalities, ranging from a burglar to a garbage man.



"THE DUSTMAN," as Dobell caught him in a quick sketch. From his London sketch-book.

"The Red Lady," in his current exhibition, was the keeper of a stall in the Caledonian Market.

She sold carpets and brass vases. She was a well-known character in London—enormously fat, bedecked with imitation jewellery bought from neighboring stalls, a blue comb in her hair, and always in a floral dress.



"CYCLISTS," a C.C.C. sketch.

Even on the coldest days she was red and hot-looking.

Dobell proposed to paint her as a London type for an Underground Railway poster that he had in hand.

He hid himself behind a nearby stall and made his sketches.

"I made the whole coloring bright red," he said, "because that was the main impression I got from her flushed and sweaty face."

"But I never used the painting for a poster."

"The old woman was so formidable that when I thought things over calmly I didn't dare incur her displeasure."

Dobell says that he never consciously distorts the faces and forms of his sitters.

"I paint them exactly as I see them," he says.

He declares that he does not know what people mean when they say that he "caricatures" his sitters.

Even "The Dead Landlord" in his show he claims to be an exact picture of what took place.

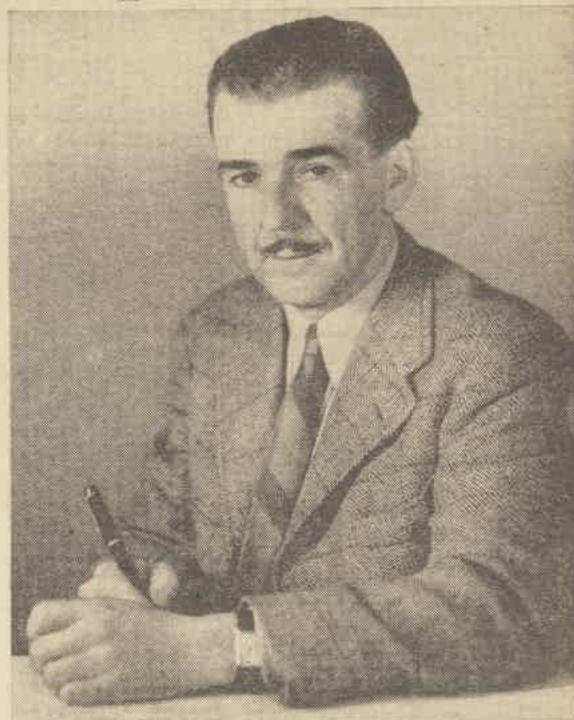
The emaciated figure, with protruding stomach, lies on a bed, while at an ornate dressing-table a woman, apparently unconcerned, is dressing her hair.

"My address in London used to change according to the state of my finances," said Dobell; "and, as most of the time they weren't too flourishing, my address was in a correspondingly lowly quarter."

"For some years I had a room above an antique shop."

"The proprietors, a devoted couple, lived at the back of the shop."

"The antiques had overflowed into their room, so that they lived a life of penury among the beautiful and valuable relics of bygone times."



WILLIAM DOBELL, who, since winning the Archibald Prize this year, has become Australia's most discussed painter.

"My landlord dropped dead one morning, and his wife summoned me to help her place the body on the bed ready for the arrival of the undertaker."

"She would not believe that her husband was really dead."

"In a frenzy of nervous agitation, she sat at the dressing-table, let down her hair, and began to brush it furiously."

"It was just one of those mental reactions that only a Shakespeare or a Chekhov could explain."

"I wish I could write the whole thing myself as a short story."

"But I can't write."

"I used to think I might, but I become nervous and self-conscious as soon as I see the blank sheet of paper in front of me."

## Ham funeral

"AS a substitute I hope some day to paint a series of six pictures of the funeral."

"Once she had got over the first shock of her grief, my landlady insisted that her husband have a ham funeral and not a cold-mutton funeral."

"Cold roast mutton at funeral collations was only for the lowest stratum of the population, it appeared."

"I looked after the house while the family went to the funeral."

"On opening the door later, I was startled to see in front of me five brothers of the deceased, all extraordinarily like him, with the name

pallor and the same little black moustache.

"When I retired to my room, the landlady brought me a ham sandwich by way of thanks for my neighborly help."

All this expresses an important streak in Dobell's nature; namely, his acute interest in odd or spectacular characters, and the calmness with which he faces up to life's less pleasant aspects.

"Irish Youth," which is one of his best pictures, was a personality Dobell and an artist friend discovered on the London Embankment.

He had walked all the way from Liverpool to find a job as a film star.

"He might have made the grade on the screen in pre-war Paris," said Dobell; "for the French studios used to throw realistic emphasis sometimes on to meagre, physically undeveloped types."

"But in London it was impossible."

"I shall never forget how thin he was. His face was skeleton-like; but a keen intelligence flashed forth from it."

"As we provided him with a fresh shirt and collar—the collar having to be pinned up an inch or two at the back to make it fit—he jeered at us in his Irish brogue."

"After a meal, and after I had done some sketches of him, off he went."

"I saw him only once again."

"His clothes were more tattered than ever, and now he had no overcoat."

"Probably he had pawned it."



"THE STRAPPER," which Dobell considers his best portrait. A strapper is a member of a horse-trainer's staff.



"THE RED LADY," keeper of a stall in the Caledonian Market in London, where Dobell lived and worked for 10 years.



"IRISH YOUTH," whom Dobell met on the London Embankment. These three portraits are in the current Dobell exhibition in Sydney.



# Editorial

AUGUST 19, 1944.

## AN URGENT DECISION

THIS week the Australian public must make up its mind on a momentous issue.

On the surface, the decision to vote Yes or No at the Referendum seems simple enough.

But if the arguments pro and con are followed to their conclusion they lead down to the whole foundation of Australia's social structure.

The fateful Yes or No will decide the course of the post-war future.

So women must not lightly take pencil in hand to mark their ballot-papers.

If they take a short view or act on impulse, following some thought of personal advantage, they will be betraying the principles of democracy for which young Australians are fighting and dying.

The end of the war, when the Nazi ideology bites the dust, will not automatically ensure that democratic government will go on in continuing triumph.

If the citizens of a democratic State become careless of their privileges they will assuredly lose them.

The torrents of argument that have raged around the Fourteen Points of the Referendum during recent weeks have sometimes been bewildering in their noise and turbulence.

Voters should not allow themselves to be thrown into a panic by crude emotional appeals from either side.

They should sit down and think the question out quietly and completely.

The basic problems have been expounded by each set of speakers.

The material for decision is there.

Each elector must now assume the part of a judge who sums up the evidence and directs the jury.

But in this case judge and jury are one.

# Ice turned bomber over many times

## Flight-sergeant describes crew's rough time trying to bail out.

A Lancaster bomber on an operational flight became iced up and turned over repeatedly.

The flight-sergeant tells an exciting story of how the crew were dashed up and down against the roof and floor while they were trying to bail out.

"WE had a bit of a bad trot about ten days ago. We were flying round when suddenly our kite became completely iced up," writes F/Sgt. R. J. Guthrie to his mother at 6 Valda St., Bexley, N.S.W.

"This meant it weighed about twice as much as it should and all the controls froze up.

"Our skipper told us all to bail out.

"About six fellows dashed down to the back of the kite ready to go, when suddenly the kite went over on its back, putting us all on the roof.

"We turned over again and all repeated the performance by crashing from the roof to the floor.

"After this the navigator dashed for the door, and luckily made it.

"He fluttered to earth while the rest of the boys, including myself, were thrown over a few more times.

"Everybody had cuts all over them and there was lots of blood.

"At this stage of the game I decided I had had enough of this, and, grabbing the rip cord in my hand, took two steps toward the door, when up we went again.

"It was just the same as the other trips to the roof, except that when we came down again I had my rip cord in my hand and the chute had blossomed all over the kite.

"I started saying a few swift prayers then, because I thought without a chute I was bound to be with the kite when she hit the deck.

"By this time the bombardier had evacuated, leaving only four of us round the door.

"All this time the skipper had been keeping the kite above the trees, goodness knows how.

"Anyway we struck a cool air stream and ended up O.K.

"We spent the night in a hospital

## Digger courage

I MET a fellow limping badly.

He was tired, gripped by malaria, bearded and unkempt, with blood running out of his boot.

He told me his foot had been smashed by a mortar bomb, and when I suggested I might bandage it for him, he looked at me with a sardonic grin on his pain-racked face, and said:

"Listen, pal, I'm not game to take the boot off; it's the only thing that is keeping my foot together."

He told me he was on his way to a dressing station, and had already walked over a mile, and, turning to me with a whimsical grin as he limped off, he said: "So long, pal, don't forget to duck."

I am not moved easily, but I had a lump in my throat and a tightening at the heart when I thought of the pure unadulterated 'guts' of that Aussie.

LA Scotsman, serving with the A.I.F. somewhere in the Pacific, wrote this tribute to an Australian soldier in a letter to the Mayor of Coobergatie, Queensland, Alderman B. W. Winkler.



BARRACK-ROOM MATES. Heavy artillery gunners at Darwin. Left to right: Gurr, Summers, Conwell, Hancock, Carroll, and Currie. Photo sent by Mrs. W. Hancock, Dromore, Osselt St., Sorrento, Vic.

at a strange drone and were treated like kings.

"I had a stitch in my forehead and two in my scalp, plus a few bruises, otherwise O.K."

Pte. K. N. Moore, somewhere in New Guinea, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Moore, 41 Hunter St., Richmond, Vic.:

"WE made a jungle band and did well at the concert.

"The band consists of a banjo made out of cake-tins and signal wire; a jazz drum, which is half a flour-tin with a thin biscuit-tin covering; a tom-tom or side bass made out of a full flour bin with a ground-sheet stretched tight on each end; and a mouth organ.

"Both drums are painted rainbow colors and have ropes on them like any drum.

"I wish you could hear us play, as they come out extra well. Sometimes we play old-time waltzes, but mainly swing stuff.

"We have been doing patrol work out on the hills, and have found many Jap souvenirs. These included gold watches, money, chopsticks, compasses, and Australian invasion money.

"There were dumps of equipment of every kind, and even a fountain-pen with the ink still wet in it."

LAC E. McAntee, with the R.A.A.F. near Hollandia, to his wife at 73 Lang Parade, Auchentflower, Qld.:

"THE Japs had a lot of Javanese slaves here. All their gear is lying about, wooden sandals, short cotton coats, cheap pants, and baskets that they used to carry on their heads. Hundreds of blankets are lying all over the place, some with fancywork on them.

"I was well-sinking to-day. We just dig in the sand and put in an oil drum and it fills with water. Otherwise there is no decent water about the place.

"This joint is certainly being transformed fast.



HELPING WITH BOOKS. F/Sgt. Denis Chadney, R.A.A.F., with F/Sgt. Bunt and Stothers, of Canada and South Africa, help members of the British War Relief Society, New York, to sort and arrange books for the fighting forces. F/Sgt. Chadney has been promoted to pilot-officer since going to England, and was on service in Gibraltar. Photo sent by his mother, Mrs. E. Chadney, Harriett St., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

"To-day I was away out on a job, and when I got there the boys were playing a Japanese gramophone, and had a heap of records, all Japanese.

"I had to laugh at the weird noises coming out of the machine. One of the boys reckoned they are not so dumb if they can understand that lingo.

"We came across a large box of Japanese sweets to-day, mostly caramels, and did we give them hell; didn't even stop to see if they were poisoned. I'll tell you to-morrow if they were."

F/O. John Cusack, R.A.A.F., somewhere in England, to Miss Cath Gunn, 10 Walter St., Ascot Vale, Vic.:

"SO well kept was the secret of the invasion that we did not even know it was on till we arrived back just as dawn was breaking and the Groupy told us.

"We all felt we had contributed in some way to the landing.

"We took off in the twilight to knock some important objective.

"Owing to cloud conditions we were flying at 1500 feet.

"What a sea crossing that was.

"Once over that we nearly collided with another bomber, and were then chased by a fighter till we lost him in the clouds, and then nearly ran into another bomber. Talk about panic.

"In all this excitement we lost our way, but finally found our target, plastered it, and then strafed it from 800 feet.

"Coming out we again got lost in the clouds, and came out over Dieppe, and were promptly cooned by about a dozen searchlights and plastered by every gun in the place. Talk about a night, and was I happy to get back!"

F/O. A. Kennedy, D.F.M., Stalag-luft III, to his mother at 45 Wollongong Rd., Arncliffe, N.S.W.:

"SUNDAY in a 'Kriegle' camp. What a life! We don't get treated hardly here, but one gets bored having to stay in the one place. Transport facilities to England have been suspended for the duration, so I guess I shall just have to suffer it.

"At present I have almost finished my apprenticeship in dishwashing and making tea and coffee. We do all our own cooking here, and we manage to have some weird and wonderful dishes concocted out of Red Cross parcels."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For shorter extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.



## MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I'm so good I have to give myself a handicap."

## New time for radio feature

"Doctor Mac," that popular session which has been heard from station 2GB for five years, will, from August 21, be heard at 8.45 p.m. every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

FORMERLY the feature began at 8.30 p.m.

The character of Doctor Mac was created by E. Mason Wood.

He says that he based him on a real man, and believes him to be typical of hundreds of general practitioners in the Australian outback.

Lou Vernon portrays the kindly Scottish doctor, and Enid Lorimer plays Ettie, Doctor Mac's wife, whose sympathetic character has become equally popular with the audience.

So skilled is Lou Vernon in dialect parts that many listeners have believed that he was really Scottish.

While Vernon has played perhaps more character roles than most Australian actors, Doctor Mac is one of his favorites.

He says that it is so rich in human sentiment that he is just as interested in new adventures of the doctor as are the listeners.

The standard opening for the feature—a telephone ring followed by "Hello, Aye! It's me, Doctor Mac," has introduced comedy and drama that are unflaggingly popular with listeners.

There are many other characters who appear from time to time.

Some of the artists who have appeared in the series are Walter Pym, Madge Thomas, Richard Ashley, George Hewlett, Ethel Lang, Alfred Brislowe, Mavis Drummond, Queenie Ashton, Marshall Crosby, Lyndall Barbour, and Owen Ainley.

### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB



Every Day  
from 4.30  
to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, August 16: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, August 17: (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."

FRIDAY, August 18: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."

SATURDAY, August 19: Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Competition, 'Melody Foursome'."

SUNDAY, August 20: (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, August 21: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, August 22: "Musical Alphabet."



# Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is out for vengeance on

NAILS: A gangster, who kidnapped LOTHAIR: Mandrake's giant Nubian servant, in an attempt to stop Lothar's appearance at a championship wrestling match. Lothar escaped, but broke his arm in doing so.

A thug tries to stop Mandrake when he enters the grounds of Nails' hideout. Mandrake hypnotises the thug, who sees two Mandrakes, and attacks the imaginary one. The real Mandrake enters the house. Nails draws a gun. Mandrake's magic changes the gun into a cat. NOW READ ON:



WHAT--WHAT GOES ON--HERE? THIS IS A PRIVATE HOUSE-- YOU'RE TRESPASSIN'-- I'LL CALL THE COPS--



PRETTY WORDS FROM YOU, NAILS.



AT YOUR ORDERS, YOUR MEN KIDNAPPED LOTHAIR BEFORE THE CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT-- THEY BROKE HIS ARM--



THAT'S A LIE-- YOU CAN'T PROVE IT!



YOU'RE A GAMBLER, NAILS-- BUT DON'T MAKE ANY BETS ON THAT!



I REPEAT, NAILS. YOUR MEN KIDNAPPED LOTHAIR AND BROKE HIS ARM! YOU'RE GOING TO GET WHAT YOU DESERVE!



MY GUYS ARE RIGHT OUTSIDE THIS WINDOW! THEY'LL SWARM ALL OVER YOU!



MI-GOSH--!



PUT UP YOUR FISTS, NAILS! I PROMISE TO USE NO TRICKS!

I'LL SMASH YOUR FACE IN! YOU--

AS NAILS RUNS, MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY--



THIS--IS FOR KIDNAPPING LOTHAIR--!



AND THIS--IS FOR BREAKING HIS ARM!



AND THIS IS JUST FROM ME-- PERSONALLY!



OKAY, OFFICER. NAILS IS ALL YOURS.



YOU DIDN'T LEAVE MUCH OF HIM-- JUST ENOUGH FOR A LONG STRETCH IN THE BIG HOUSE--



YOU KNOW--MANDRAKE, WE'VE BEEN AFTER THIS MOB FOR YEARS. THE CHIEF WILL PIN A MEDAL ON YOU FOR THIS.

TO BE CONTINUED



[ADVERTISEMENT]

# Make Your DREAMS

**Come True—**  
*the way you  
want them !*

You've lived on them for five years, those dreams and plans . . . the end of the war, your man coming home and getting back to his old, familiar, chosen job, the house you planned together years ago for your family to grow up in . . .

Then there were your small, sweet, personal dreams—about a new car, perhaps, or special holidays, or just the simple feminine joy of shopping, unhampered by coupons and queues.

*Well, that all sounds just wonderful. But we're very sorry! You just can't have your own way about things.*

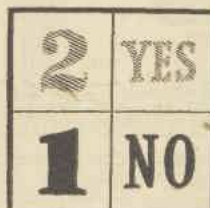
The Government has plans, too—but they're not yours! They banish all hope of *your* dreams coming true. They don't allow for *your* dream



of building your own home in your own way, nor of your husband choosing his own job, nor the future you'd planned for the children.

As for freedom to do as you please with the money you've earned and saved—that's simply not possible in the Government-controlled, socialised Australia the Constitution-changers are getting ready to present to you . . .

**Keep your future in your  
own hands; safeguard your  
freedom !**



**Put your**

**in the**

**Bottom Square**



Authorized by John Hodge,  
Australian Constitutional League, Australia House, Sydney.  
Phones: B6402, MA4502, MA4513





# DR. EVATT puts the case for a "YES" vote

Answers searching questions from our women readers

By DR. H. V. EVATT, Federal Attorney-General

The Australian Women's Weekly has asked me to answer a number of questions about the Referendum.

I understand the questions were collected in four States—South Australia, Victoria, Queensland, and New South Wales—from women of varying interests.

**THEY** are all very good questions and are an interesting indication of the thought that is being given by women to post-war problems. Here are the questions most frequently asked, and my answers.

## Employment

**IN** the rehabilitation of servicemen, would any distinction be made between those who had seen overseas service and those who, through no fault of their own, did not leave Australia?

Commonwealth plans for rehabilitation of servicemen and service-women cover all those who have left their place in civilian life to join the Armed Services.

Does the Government plan to use experts to advise in placing servicemen and servicewomen in jobs for which they are best suited?

Yes. Experts are already at work.

Will we cease to be able to choose our own jobs or change them?

You will be free to choose. The aim of post-war reconstruction for which the Referendum is being held is to see that there are as many jobs that people will have a wider choice than ever before and that they will not be compelled by unemployment to take any job they are lucky enough to pick up.

Will women under forty-five be released from their jobs at their own request or kept in them at the Government's pleasure?

Manpower control will be wound up at the end of the war. People will then be free, irrespective of age or sex, to move from job to job as they please.

Will women be put out of their present positions or will they be kept on? Will the Government provide for women who have taken men's jobs?

In setting up the Women's Employment Board, the Government has done a great deal toward equalising the standards of women workers with those of men. The passing of this Referendum will enable the Government to retain the Women's Employment Board to safeguard women's conditions in industry. It is anticipated that many women will continue in their present jobs, and where some may be displaced from jobs formerly done by men now in the Services, there will be excellent training and employment facilities to assist them to secure other jobs.

## Housing

Will each city be free to go ahead with its own housing schemes when the war is over?

Plans are being made to provide materials and building labor to build fifty thousand homes in the first peace year, rising to eighty thousand in subsequent years, and these will be divided between the States and between sections of States on a basis of needs. Commonwealth and State Governments will collaborate with city and local authorities.

Can I have my new home designed and furnished to my liking, or must I accept Government designs?

Of the huge housing programme some part will be carried out by the Government, some by private enterprise. The Government section will provide for a wide variation of design and, in the case of the privately built house, a builder may choose any design provided it meets with the normal building regulations of his particular State. There will therefore be a double range of choice for the home-builder.

## Money

Will post-war taxation stay as high as it is now?

I think taxation after the war

will be considerably revised, and though not as high as now it will still be fairly high. Better full employment plus reasonable taxation than tragic depression.

Will the additional powers enable the Commonwealth Government to freeze accounts of small Savings Bank depositors?

The Commonwealth has power to do that to-day, but would not dream of doing it. In peacetime the Commonwealth has not got powers over State Savings Banks and the Referendum proposals will not give it that power. As far as the Commonwealth Savings Bank is concerned, the Government has always had the power to freeze deposits, but has not done, and would never think of doing, such a thing.

## Rationing

Will food and clothing rationing be continued?

They will continue as long as, but no longer than, post-war shortages. Shortages will disappear as soon as war industry turns over to production of peacetime goods.

## Transport

Would Government control of air transport make it more readily available and cheaper for the average man and woman?

The Government is seeking power to make air travel safe, efficient, and cheap, and to ensure an extensive network of airways serving all centres in Australia and overseas, and to secure opportunities of employment for the splendid men of the R.A.A.F.

Why is it necessary for powers to be granted to unify the railways?

The State Premiers all agreed that this power should be included in the list, for the States by themselves have never made any real progress with the problem. The power will enable the Commonwealth to take the initiative in this field. Commonwealth experts are already making plans for unifying gauges.

## Business

Would it mean the continuation of wartime rules and regulations for an unlimited period?

No. Most of the regulations at present in force are due entirely to the conditions of war which have meant cutting down less essential industry so that war industry can be expanded, and cutting down less essential imports so that war materials can be imported.

Will small businessmen be able to carry on without Government interference?

Certainly. Present restrictions upon small business are due to wartime shortages. If the Commonwealth Government, armed with adequate post-war powers, is able to maintain the full employment which we are now experiencing, the small businessman will be able to maintain high turnovers which depend upon the purchasing power of the workers and farmers.

## Freedom of speech

Why should freedom of speech and religion, which we have always had, have to be guaranteed? Is the guarantee for five years only?

In other great democracies it has been proved wise to have similar guarantees in the Constitution. It was in response to requests from all over Australia that the present guarantees have been included. Before the end of that period the Constitution will be overhauled and these guarantees can then be permanently included.

## Government

COULD this Government extend its own term of office at the end of the next three years?

Certainly not. Section 28 of the Commonwealth Constitution limits the life of Parliament to three years and this limit can be extended only by a referendum of the people. No provision is made in the present Referendum for any extension of Parliament's life whatsoever.

## Powers

WHY should we not vote for each section separately?

Because the sections constitute a single plan and it is impossible to split the plan up. The present fourteen powers are exactly the powers which were chosen as one plan of reconstruction by the 1942 Constitutional Convention as being adequate, but not more than adequate, for the Commonwealth's part in reconstruction.

Would the "Cinderella States" such as Queensland and Western Australia be neglected if all is controlled from Canberra?

When the Referendum is carried all will NOT be controlled from Canberra. The plan is for close co-operation between the Commonwealth and States and for the Commonwealth to decentralise its administration through the States.



DR. H. V. EVATT, Federal Attorney-General, who is calling for a "Yes" vote at the coming Referendum.

[ADVERTISEMENT]

THIS IS PERSONAL - VITAL  
TO EVERY WOMAN

You haven't time to worry about politics. All this talk about 'referendum' leaves you cold. You're not too sure what it's all about anyway. Is that the position?

Well . . . in the first place the referendum concerns you very personally, whether you are a mother or whether you are not a mother.

✕ If you are a mother and want to be sure that child endowment will continue after the war then you will have to vote "YES" on August 19th. There is no guarantee otherwise.

✕ Even if you haven't a child, but want to be sure that your husband will be comfortably employed when the war ends, and that you both have a decent house to live in, you'll still have to vote YES. If you don't . . . well, the control of employment and housing will pass into the hands of combines and monopolies as soon as the war is over. The Commonwealth Government will not be in a position to help because its wartime powers will have lapsed.

✕ If you're not yet married and are concerned about a post-war job; if you are in one of the Services or in war work of some kind, what is going to happen to you when the war ends? You'll be one of tens of thousands looking for employment. The Commonwealth will not have the powers to organise employment for you, unless you vote "YES". (Ask your father what happened after the last war and you'll see how mixed-up State control can cause misery and worry.)

✕ If you're old enough to remember the last war you'll remember with horror how many returned fighting men were subsequently reduced to the dole; how a moratorium had to be introduced to save the peoples' homes; how, in the depression, the lives of men, women and children were warped by misery and want - all for the lack of a national plan of action. That must not happen again; but it can easily happen unless the Commonwealth Parliament is given powers to prevent it. That's another reason for voting "YES".

✕ If you know someone who draws a widow's pension, kindness demands that you remember this. At present there is no legal guarantee that the Commonwealth Government could continue widows' pensions after the war. The only way to make absolutely sure is to vote "YES" on August 19th.

THIS REFERENDUM HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH PARTY POLITICS. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU HAVE VOTED LABOR, U.A.P., COUNTRY PARTY OR NOT AT ALL. YOUR VOTE THIS TIME IS ON A VITAL MATTER AFFECTING YOUR HUSBAND, YOUR FIANCE, YOUR FATHER, YOUR MOTHER AND BROTHER.

SO WHEN YOU VOTE, VOTE LIKE THIS: ☐ YES. ☐ No.

Authorised by J. B. Chifley, M.H.R.; H. V. Evatt, M.H.R., Parliament House, Canberra.

YC.6

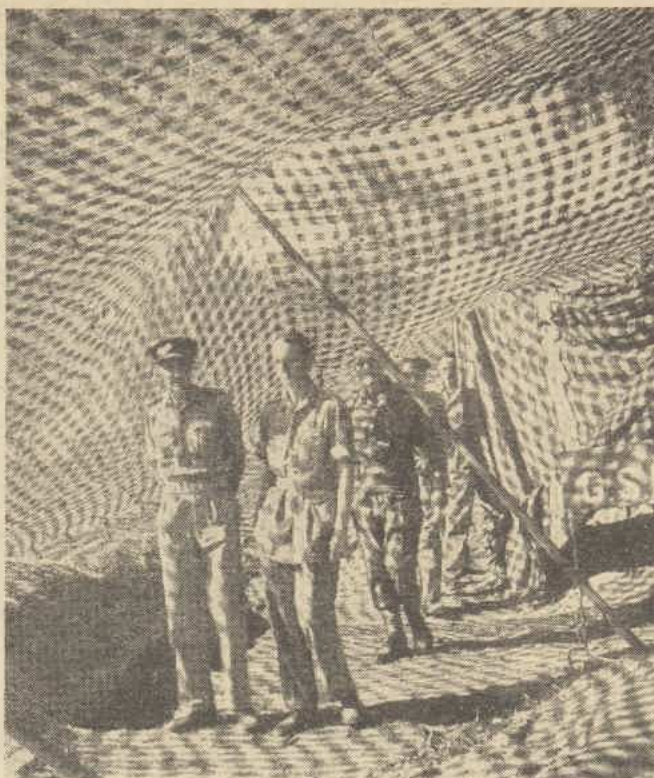
MR. MENZIES PUTS THE CASE FOR "NO" — See page 25



# VIVID PICTURES OF BRITISH TROOPS



**SUPPLIES MOVE UP** to the front line along the Imphal-Tiddim road, a great highway hewn by the Allies from the sides of the Chin Hills, where British and Indian troops are operating.



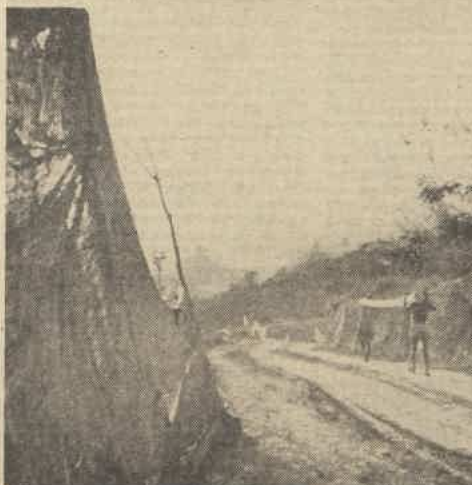
**LIAISON OFFICERS** leaving camouflaged headquarters in Arakan of 5th Division, 14th Army, which includes men of several noted county regiments. Between January 1 and June 30, 5918 Allied officers and other ranks were killed. There were 19,916 wounded, and 2594 missing. Japs had 50,000 casualties.



**TYPE OF 14th ARMY FIGHTING MAN** keeping the Japs on the run and helping General Stilwell to realise his dream of cutting the Burma Road and thus commanding the route by which the Ledo Road will be extended into Chinese territory.



**S. LDR. W. M. WHITAMORE, D.F.C.**, watching ground crew working on Spitfire in its dispersal pen at an R.A.F. airfield in the Chin Hills.



**COOLIES WORKING** on section of the Imphal-Tiddim Road. Canvas screens are to prevent transports going over the edge, a 500 feet drop.

**CECIL BEATON** recently visited the East and "Wings" of Information.

● Shown on these pages are the months of campaign they vividly record the Japanese back

**GURKHAS** fighting with the Chin Hills area in carrying their wounds



**OFFENSIVE PATROL** drive into India casualties at the



# ON BURMA FRONT

ON, noted British photographer famed for his portraits of Royalty, led the Burma front as official photographer for the British Ministry. He has written and illustrated several war books, including "Nearged Squadron."

These pages are some of the pictures which he took during the campaign. Lord operations in the Imphal-Tiddim area, Arakan, where, after eight paing in the toughest country in the world, Allied troops are driving back across the Manipur border into north-east Burma.



with the British troops in a improvise sling method of wounded back from front-line.

**ALLIED WOUNDED** in field dressing-station. They are awaiting transport by jeep, air ambulance, or river craft to hospitals in rear.



**CONTROL** of Gurkhas ready to set out. During their last February, the Japanese suffered severe the hands of these stalwart Gurkha troops.



**PUNJAB TROOPS** who are playing important part in helping to drive out Japanese listen to news of war on other fronts from radio in forward area in Arakan.



**INSIDE** his camouflaged tent headquarters the Commander of the 5th Division (General H. R. Bridges) studies a map on the wall with Colonel Noble.



**ANOTHER VERSION** of the sling method of carrying a wounded man out of the dense jungle. Some other Gurkha carriers use the familiar "fireman's lift."



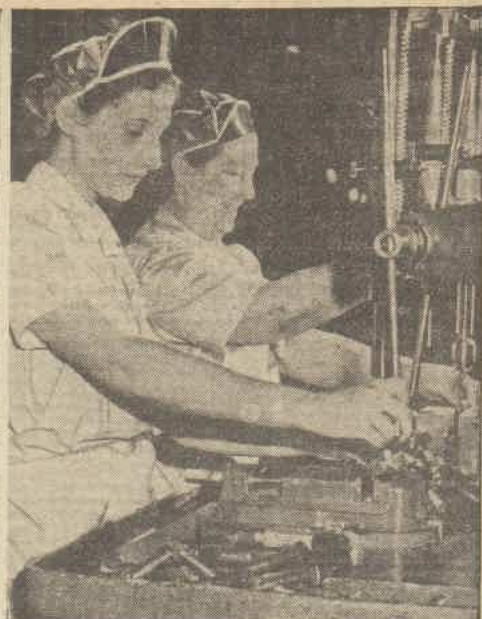
**LORRIES** crossing pontoon bridge in Chin Hills. Throughout this campaign Allies have had to build supply roads through mountains, jungle, and swamp.



**CECIL BEATON**, who took these pictures, and Major Abbott, of 5th Division, about to be ferried across river by coolies. Coolies helped build strategic highways.



[ADVERTISEMENT]



# Thanks to YOU!

the United Nations are moving to Victory on every Front.

*But will it be a Victory for you?*



WHEN PEACE COMES YOU'LL KNOW YOU  
PLAYED YOUR PART!

# ?

But What Sort of a Job Will  
You Do in Peacetime?

WILL YOU HAVE  
ANY JOB AT ALL?



*Don't go back to the misery of this all over again*

Maybe you're asking yourself is a referendum necessary to guarantee you a good job... a good home... the continuation of child endowment... and everything else you've been working and fighting for.

**THE ANSWER IS — "YES"!**

Nothing can be done without an election. Some people argue that the Commonwealth has ample powers already. A lot of them confuse the issue by attacking wartime controls, and say that a Government that can control materials and introduce rationing and so on doesn't need any more powers.

But that's wrong. The Government's present power to do these things ends when the war ends.

It's easy to imagine what will happen if there are no sensible controls the day the war is over. Everybody will be rushing in to make up for lost time.

Essential materials will be used up in silly goods with no real value. There might be a boom for a little while, but there'll soon be a BANG! And the whole boom will explode as soon as the natural first rush of buying is over. It happened after the last war. It's certain to happen after this war, too.

Then comes the heartbreaking searching of the employment ads... and going back again to cheap rooms or dreary terrace houses... and even the dole which you might have forgotten all about. All this is certain to come again, unless you give the Government power to carry on and stabilise industry.

With this power, the Government can make sure that boom prices will be avoided... that raw materials and plant will go to concerns that will be manufacturing really worthwhile products with a lasting value that will guarantee employment.

More than jobs will be found for you... if necessary, you will be trained to earn good money at skilled jobs.

You will have a steady income that will enable you to buy your own modern home at a low cost.

You will benefit by all of these things very quickly because there will be no chaos—just sensible and necessary controls.

There's something else you will be sure of—child endowment and widows' pensions... and all other social benefits such as those for hospitalisation and unemployment. There's a legal doubt about these now, and the peacetime powers your Government asks you to give it will ensure that you will continue to benefit by them all.

*Authorised by the Government of the Commonwealth of Australia.*

# VOTE YES FOR AUSTRALIA



VOTE YES IF YOU WANT YOUR OWN  
HOME AFTER THE WAR!



VOTE YES IF YOU WANT A  
PERMANENT JOB AFTER THE WAR!



VOTE YES IF YOU WANT TO  
CONTINUE CHILD ENDOWMENT  
AFTER THE WAR!



VOTE YES IF YOU WANT  
TO AVOID INFLATION!



# MR. MENZIES puts the case for a "NO" vote

## Warns against "alluring baits" in referendum proposals

By ROBERT GORDON MENZIES

Leader of the Federal Opposition

Women should approach the Government's Referendum proposals carefully. The Fourteen Points have some alluring baits in them, designed to catch the feminine voter.

But they are only baits, and women who swallow them by voting "Yes" will be falling into a carefully laid trap. Male voters may be snared also if they are not careful to examine all aspects of the Referendum problems.

**B**UT I am speaking now of the things that specially concern women.

Some of the amendments put forward by the Government are completely unnecessary.

They have been included simply to catch votes—and particularly the votes of women in the Services, and those many thousands of women whose menfolk are in the armed forces.

For example, the first power—the repatriation power—is asked for as if it were a new one.

The Government no doubt hopes that the women I have described will, in their honest and proper desire for effective repatriation, vote "Yes" because of the first amendment, and not pay due attention to the following ones.

I ask them not to fall into this trap.

### Has power now

**T**HE Commonwealth Parliament possesses the fullest repatriation power, and has, in fact, been exercising it without real challenge.

For 25 years the Commonwealth has conducted a great variety of repatriation activities. In the course of them it has spent very nearly £300,000,000.

Only last year a completely revised Repatriation Act was passed at Canberra with the full approval of all parties; and Dr. Evatt never dreamed of suggesting that it was not within the power of Parliament.

Several other amendments concern women very closely. For example, the employment and unemployment power clearly includes a power to continue what has been called "manpower control" or "industrial conscription."

The bill asks for a continuation of this control for five years after the war.

But the Government has made it quite clear that though it asks for these powers for five years, it proposes at a later stage to have another referendum to make them permanent.

### Worthless promises

**I**F you look at the list of amendments you will see that, if these powers were granted and if they simply dropped dead at the end of the five-year period, hopeless chaos would result.

Everyone realises, of course, that promises by Individual Ministers that these powers will or will not be exercised in certain ways mean absolutely nothing. No Government can bind the future on such matters.

The power relating to the production and distribution of goods will enable the Government to go into business in competition with private industry.

Now, let me take these questions and see if Australian women have some special interest in them.

First, as to the indefinite extension of manpower control...

During the war the inconveniences of the rules and regulations which have descended on normal life have been felt much more strongly by women than by men.

In every home it is the wife who has to adjust the domestic economy to the new rules.

The husband goes off in the morn-

ing to his work and comes back at night expecting his dinner, but in the meantime it is his wife who, under the present conditions, has to collect her household goods (with perhaps a whole morning gone while waiting for her turn at the butcher's and the grocer's and the fruiterer's) instead of having them delivered.

The wife has to work out the domestic clothing budget in the light of the ration book.

She has to go without much-needed domestic help. She has to "make do" as best she can in the face of a great shortage of kitchen and other household requisites.

Does she want these trials to continue?—I don't mean continue for some limited time during the process of readjustment after the war, but continue as a permanent feature of our life?

I sometimes wonder whether those who talk despondently about the birth-rate in Australia realise that, if women are to have children and bring them up and clothe and train them properly, they cannot undertake to be the universal errand-runners for the household, and at the same time be denied necessary help in the multitudinous tasks of managing a household and feeding its members.

### Feel the strain

**M**ANPOWER control in Australia has not been a brilliant success.

I will say quite confidently that hundreds of thousands of housewives in Australia have been compelled through it to work much harder and for much longer hours.

They will, in consequence, feel the strain of these war years much more severely than many men who have been supposed to be fully occupied on some war job.

Again, take the case of the woman who finds her life work in an office or a factory, or in some profession or special calling. She is, in her own way, seeking to achieve a measure of economic independence.

Surely she feels that one of the great advantages of peace will be that she can have the liberty to do the sort of job she wants to do, to make the sort of career she wants to make.

Yet, in a community which had written into its Constitution an authority to Government to continue the regimentation of war, these desires would be sharply curbed.

Of course, the "planners," whose theories are in the background of this Referendum, imagine that the nation would be happier if its citizens just did what they were told by officials who are willing to do their thinking for them.

But I do not imagine that many of us will readily admit this.

### Moulders of future

**F**INALLY, women are in a high degree the moulders of the future through their children. Many a successful man has been able to look back to the self-sacrifice and planning of his mother as the thing which really gave him his chance.

When we talk of a new order after the war it might be wise if we tried to understand what kind of new order mothers would desire for their children.

That they would desire a high degree of employment and good wages, and good houses, and proper social security goes without saying.

It is equally clear that country women would want to see spread throughout the countryside those reasonable amenities of life which

we dwellers in the suburbs take for granted.

They particularly would desire electricity (with its offspring, the refrigerator), water, good schools, reasonable entertainment.

They would insist that it should not continue to be true that bright country boys and girls with intellectual interests must "go to the city" for necessary training.

They would require that country schools of all grades should train students, not away from the land, but for a full and satisfying life upon it.

But do they really, when thinking of their own children, wish them to be mere cogs in some vast State machine?

I doubt it very much.

It is, I believe, a mistake to think that good mothers are afraid of what may happen to their sons if rewards in this world go to those who won them on their merits in fair competition.

On the contrary, provided the competition is fair—and it is the duty of every Government to do what it can to ensure fairness—it is offensive to mothers and sisters and wives of the fighting Australian of two wars to imagine that they do not want marked success to go to those whose breeding, and training, and courage, and character have fitted them to attain it.



MR. MENZIES, Leader of the Federal Opposition, who advises the women of Australia to vote NO at the Referendum this week.

[ADVERTISEMENT]

## Don't let them USE YOUR SOLDIER

You're being told that the Government must have more power if it is to reinstate service men after the war.

But Governments have been using Full Repatriation powers without question for the last 25 years.

Thousands of homes built, thousands of mortgages discharged, thousands of men settled on the land, thousands of men taught trades, thousands of soldiers' children educated. And so on.

The Commonwealth has already spent an average of more than £1,000 per man on soldiers of the last war. Who now says they haven't power?

Can't you see your soldier is merely being used?  
He's the bait for the political trap!

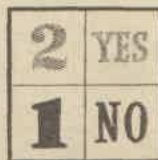
Do you think he wants to be man-powered... to be ordered round and pushed about... when he comes back? Like you are now? And for good?

Don't you think he'd like some freedom when he gets home? He's been fighting for it... Why take it from him while he's away?

Do you feel the officialdom which thought the zoot suit good enough for him when he left the army is to be trusted with still more power over him... and you?

Since the Government's present National Security Powers last till six months after peace is declared—don't you think they might have left this half-baked political Referendum till your soldier got back? It concerns his whole future life—Why not let him have a decent say in it? Especially as they've all the powers they really need in the meantime.

\* Tell your soldier that while WE are subscribing the money to fight the battle for freedom at home, YOUR money, and everybody's — taken from them by taxation—is being used to put over this new grab for power. That will be sure to interest him.



Put your **2 YES** **1 NO** IN THE Bottom Square

Authorised by John Hodge, Australian Constitutional League, Australia House, Sydney.  
Phones: B 6492, MA 4502, MA 4513



# Famous Hollywood stars visit Sydney

**JACK BENNY** looks more like a distinguished business man than one of America's foremost comedians.

Grey hairs accent his deeply tanned complexion, and the long cigar jutting from the corner of his mouth is a familiar Benny touch.

At 6.30 one very bleak morning last week, Jack Benny and Carole Landis, famous Hollywood glamor

girl, stepped off the plane to get their first view of Sydney.

They had, "by request," been granted a week's leave in Sydney after a strenuous entertainment tour in New Guinea.

When asked if he had found any shortage of cigars, Mr. Benny remarked it would be a good thing if he had. "I ought to give up smoking for two reasons," he said. "One because my doctor orders it, and two because when I return I start a radio show selling a certain brand of cigarettes. I never smoke cigarettes—I hate them—but the sponsors have pleaded that if I must smoke cigars, I mustn't advertise the fact."

Also on the tour are Larry Adler, harmonica player, singer Martha Tilton, and pianist June Bruener.

Carole later replaced her capacious raincoat by a black dressmaker suit which enhanced her slender figure. A filmy froth of net covered her soft, fair hair.

One of the first things I noticed was her enormous topaz ring set with diamonds

and rubies—a Christmas present from her husband, Major Thomas Wallace. "Tom had five days' leave—the first for a long time," Carole lamented, "and on the third day I had to leave on this tour."

Though she bewailed her lack of clothes, Carole mentioned that she did have one very glamorous evening frock at least—"a slinky aqua-blue model, heavily studded with rhinestones," and Martha Tilton interrupted with, "She always gets a whistle from the boys when she wears it."

## Incessant rain

THE New Guinea rainfall was the main complaint.

"Sometimes it rained ceaselessly for seven or eight days," said Jack, while Carole nodded, and gave her curls a rueful pat. "But in spite of the fact that our show didn't begin till 7.30, the place was crammed with soldiers by 3 or 4 o'clock, sitting patiently in the pouring rain."

Carole Landis was surprised to find that many of the nurses and soldiers had copies of her book, "Four Jills and a Jeep," dealing with her adventures on her entertainment tour of England, North Africa, and Bermuda, during which she travelled 90,000 miles.

"I don't bother to keep a diary," she said, "but I may write another

book of my experiences on this trip when I return."

Carole was surprised to find the New Guinea nurses mainly interested in the latest song hits. "One night I sat up till 2 a.m. singing all the songs I could remember."

Jack Benny was also entertaining overseas last year, and toured Sicily, Italy, and Africa.

Both stars have film commitments to fulfil when they return to the States, and Benny has been advised that Warners are awaiting his return to film three relaxes for "The Horn Blows at Midnight." This worries Mr. Benny greatly. "You see," he explained sadly, "I love starchy foods. On this tour I've gained fifteen pounds."

"I hate to think of those relaxes. Imagine opening the door a thin man and coming into the room a fat man with a large stomach!"

At the beginning of the war Jack Benny was planning to give up his career as a film and radio comedian and channel his energies in producing, but his first trip abroad for U.S.O. camp shows, convinced the comedian that he could best serve by continuing his radio programme and pictures for the duration.

"My plans are definitely shelved for a while now," he said, "because even after the war I intend to continue entertaining the garrison troops—they'll need it more than ever then."

When giving camp shows, Benny tries to localise his humor as much as possible. He uses the same gag, but brings in current events and familiar places—"makes you look cleverer."



CAROLE LANDIS, lovely blonde film star, who brought Hollywood glamor to the jungle battlefronts.

Jack Benny started his stage career playing the fiddle. Meeting with not much success he put his violin under his arm and started to joke with the audience. From then on Jack's violin spent most of its time under his arm instead of under his chin.

Now he's the man who makes nearly three million Americans tune-in to his radio programmes.

With the other talented members of his company, Jack Benny has brought sparkling entertainment to 150,000 lonely, fun-starved soldiers on this tour. Their largest audience was 25,000, and their smallest 4000.



JACK BENNY, radio and screen star, photographed in Sydney shortly after his arrival from New Guinea. "After the war I intend to continue entertaining garrison troops," he said.

Beloved by All . . . the kindly Scotch practitioner. As from Monday, August 21, you'll hear him at 8.45 p.m. every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

**DOCTOR MAC**  
Mon., Wed. & Sat. 8.45 p.m. **2GB**

**"THE TODDS"**  
The irresistible Terry and Grace . . . their daily adventures and misadventures provide diverting entertainment . . . accent on comedy.

**2GB 7.15 P.M. FRIDAY**

## Future of A.R.P.

IT would be a pity if A.R.P. organisations throughout Australia were allowed to dissolve completely. Could they not be converted to peace use?

Perhaps they could become "Good Neighbor Associations."

Women personnel might help in case of sickness, doing the shopping, caring for home and children of a sick mother, taking people to hospital, calling a doctor, and so on.

Men could form bushfire brigades, help with business advice, and continue to give first-aid.

These associations could be centres of community effort of the highest kind, as well as centres for social contacts.

Let's do away with isolationism in public and private life. The future lies with those who first learn co-operation without compulsion.

—George J. Bicks,  
183 Dornoch Terrace, Highgate Hill, Brisbane.

## Hospitals

YOU can get the best of attention from surgeons and specialists in a public ward if you cannot afford to pay anything. But if you desire a little more privacy, as elderly or sensitive people sometimes do, you must go to an intermediate ward.

Here, as well as paying the weekly charge, you must also pay the doctor's or surgeon's fees. Many who could pay the one, but not the other, are therefore forced to overcrowd the already crowded public wards.

Couldn't this be changed?  
—Mrs. F. E. Thomson,  
186 Victoria St., Waverley, N.S.W.

## Overseas service

MY husband joined the R.A.F. immediately after war broke out. Now, after almost five years' service, he is beginning to have a sort of "guilty feeling" because he hasn't had the chance of going overseas.

He hasn't been out of his home State, New South Wales. Now, to make him feel "more of a cad" (as he puts it in his letters home), he has been posted to a station where most officers and men have had overseas service. Shouldn't all our volunteers be given a chance to serve abroad when they want?

—R.A.A.F. Wife.

## Creches

AUSTRALIA needs more creche and play centres where mothers can leave their children with an easy mind when they need a free half-day for a visit to the doctor, dentist, or hospital, or to do some shopping or have a "perm."

Everybody but mother leaves work at a set time, and most have a week-



end or day off to think of anything but their job.

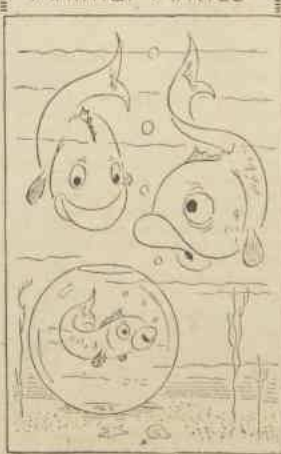
This is no mere grumble. I believe home life would be more pleasant if mothers could get a break, too.

A woman's mind becomes cramped with nothing but her own small world to work on.

Perhaps we mothers should organise creches for ourselves until the time comes when the Government can provide them everywhere.

We could get the use of a Sunday-school hall or some such building with a stove and sanitation. If each of us gave a half-day weekly there would be enough helpers, and we could pay 1/- for the hot meal to

## Animal Antics



"Junior's preparing for a career."

READERS are invited to write to this column expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind," c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but preference will be given to letters with which full signatures can be published. The Editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and housed letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

be served to the youngsters. I would gladly give one half-day to the service in order to be free on another.

—Mrs. F. Sauer,  
89 Hewlett St., Bronte, N.S.W.

## Trees

NOT enough honor is paid in Australia to native trees, foremost of which is the eucalypt. Other nations prize the eucalypt highly. Whole forests have been planted in California, South Africa, and along the Mediterranean.

Why so many Australians plant pines instead is a mystery to me. For beauty, shade, and drought-resisting qualities the pine cannot compare with the eucalypt, which has also a high commercial value for its timber, gums, resins, and oils.

My favorite is the blue gum, but, of course, the lovely Western Australian flowering gum is the most beautiful. And yet Australians plant pines!

—E. Edwards,  
24 High St., Randwick, N.S.W.

## Old-age pensions

EXISTING old-age-pension scheme works on a basis of advantage to the untithy.

If you have spent all your earnings, whether for the necessities of life or in a spendthrift way, you are entitled to the pension.

If you have been thrifty and have saved for your old age, or if you have paid into a fund for superannuation, you find your savings disqualify your pension claim.

I think pensioners should be able to have a total income (including the pension) of the basic wage.

This would mean a happier old age for the thrifty man or woman who is a good citizen, and should be encouraged.

—Justice,  
Islington, N.S.W.



# As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

**F**ORTUNATE influences predominate this week, becoming really powerful on August 20. The time is specially favorable for those born under Leo, and to a lesser degree for Arians and Sagittarians. These groups should seek changes, ask favors, and stress important matters.

This should be a beneficial period also for Gemini and Librans.

Taurians, Scorpions, and Aquarians should take care to avoid changes, for they may lead to trouble.

Better times lie ahead for Taurians, Capricornians, and Virgos, who should begin to plan wisely for intended actions.

## The Daily Diary

**H**ERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): August 17 (forenoon) good, August 18 (early) good, August 19 fair. Keep busy, finalise all important projects.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Be wise and patient. Watch for pitfalls on August 17, 18, and 19. August 20 and 21 (early) fortunate if rashness is avoided.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Finalise urgent matters now or set them aside for several weeks. August 17 (early) and August 18 (early) fair, August 22 (late) good.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): August 15 (early) and August 16 (morning) helpful, August 17 (mid-afternoon) very fair, August 21 (morning) helpful.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Speed up urgent matters. August 17 (early) good, August 18 (early) good, August 19 (early) good, August 20 (midnight 4 p.m.) very good, August 21 (morning) helpful.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Plan for better weeks ahead. Moonshine August 20 (early and afternoon), August 21 (early), and August 22 (late) very fair.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): August 17 (morning), August 18 (early), and August 20 (midnight 4 p.m.) all quite helpful. August 22 (midnight 4 p.m.) poor.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 22): Bewary arguments, arguments, over-confidence, and commutes. August 17, 18, and 19 very poor. August 20 (midnight 4 p.m.) and August 21 (to midday) better. August 22 (afternoon) poor.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22 to December 22): Finalise important matters, for after this week you must live carefully for a while. August 17 (early) and 18 (morning) fair, August 19 (early) good.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Unpleasant days. Better times just ahead, so plan wisely for decisive action then. Meanwhile August 20 (early and mid-afternoon) helpful.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Take no risks. Avoid pines, arguments, discord, disappointment, disappointments, and changes. Especially on August 19 (early), 17, 18, and 19.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Unpleasant days. August 15 (early) good. On August 16 finalise urgent matters if possible by midday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## FILM GUIDE

**\*\* Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.** Universal's film version of the famous legend of Baghdad is colorful and exciting, and pure escapist entertainment. Maria Montez does well as the princess, and photographs exquisitely in technicolor. Jon Hall is a suitably dashing hero and leader of the dare-devil thieves. Of the supporting cast, Turhan Bey handles the role of slave boy with ease; Andy Devine provides the comedy; and Kurt Katch makes a sinister villain. Worthy of special praise are the lavish costumes and spectacular interior and exterior sets.—State; showing.

**Invisible Man's Revenge.** Cured of amnesia after five years, Jon Hall gets into a pretty confusing mess when he tries to claim an estate which had been stolen from him. First he is drugged by Gale Sondergaard and dropped into the river, rescued by Leon Errol, and then, apparently unable to keep out of trouble, he falls into the hands of the scientist, John Carradine, who promptly makes him invisible. From then on nobody cares much what happens to Mr. Hall.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.



**Fashion  
Frock  
Service**

**"VALERIE"—SMART PINAFORE FROCK**  
This smartly different pinafore frock, suitable for town or sports wear, is available in staple blue cloth. This wears well and looks super. Shades available are blue-blue, sage-blue, rose, green, and grey.  
The design is new, with its wide shoulder-line, deep plunging neck, and front-button fastening to hips. The skirt has a double box-pleat back and front, and the waistline nipped in with self-material band.  
Ready to Wear.—32 and 34-inch bust, 65/11, 25, 78, and 40-inch bust, 68/8 (10 coupons). Plus 1/8 postage. (House is not available).  
Cut Out Only.—32 and 34-inch bust, 52/8 (9 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 56/11 (9 coupons). Plus 1/8 postage. (No blouse).  
Also available in check material (rose, green, navy, or quick-red, with white check) at the same prices as quoted above.  
How to obtain "VALERIE": In N.S.W.: Obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3488H, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page.

**F6566.**—Beautifully designed floral pyjamas. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.



**F6566**

**PLEASE NOTE!** To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children state age of child. \* The box numbers given on this page.

**SEND** your order for Fashion patterns for Needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 4815, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 4087, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)  
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

# Fashion PATTERNS

**F3411**

**F142.**—Adorable style for 2 to 6-year-olds. Note panties. Requires 1yd. and 1yd. contrast 36in. wide, for frock, 1yd., 36in. wide, for panties. Pattern, 1/4.

**F3411.**—Smart for spring and summer. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

**F142**

**F148.**—Lovely house-gown. Style speaks for itself. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

**F3401.**—Cleverly designed black frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 54in. wide, and 1yd., 36in. wide, contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

**F3403.**—Smart form-fitting design for very special occasions. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

**F3401.**—Cleverly designed black frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 54in. wide, and 1yd., 36in. wide, contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

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**F3401**



**F3403**

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### SPRINGTIME FROCK for 2 to 8-year-olds

This dainty little frock, which comes to you ready to cut and sew, is available in floral cotton material in shades of sage-blue, salmon, green with white background, and multi-colored flower motifs.

It shows dainty puffed sleeves, high square neckline, nipped-in waistline and fully gathered skirt.

Remember, it is traced clearly ready to cut out and sew.

Sizes 2 to 4 years, 5/11 (6 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 7/6 (6 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 8/11 (6 coupons). Plus 5½d postage. When ordering, please ask for No. 514.

### SLIP and PANTETTES for the 12 to 18-year-olds

With the pattern traced clearly on good quality rayon crepe-de-chine in attractive pastel shades of pink, blue, also white, this dainty set is all ready to cut out and stitch together.

It is for the teen-age group, and ranges from 12 to 18 years. Complete set, 12 to 14 years, 14/11 (12 coupons); 14 to 16 years, 15/11 (12 coupons); 16 to 18 years, 16/11 (12 coupons). Plus 5½d postage.

When ordering, please ask for No. 515.

**DON'T** be disappointed if your needlework order doesn't reach you by return post. Under present conditions, delays are unavoidable. You can be sure your order will be despatched at soon as possible.



**514**



**515**





GIVEN away by her brother, Private Clive Maddrell, bride Joan Maddrell (left) is received by Rev. P. Walker, of Parramatta, who performs ceremony when she marries AC2 John McHarg, R.A.A.F., at St. Philip's Church Hill. Matron-of-honor, Mrs. P. C. Adams (right), is attendant.

## On and off DUTY.

**FOUNTAIN-PENS, pencils,** were in demand at Exhibition of Town Planning and Housing at Sydney County Council Showroom, Queen Victoria Building, when guests at official opening become quiz-conscious filling in forms asking for ideas on home planning.

American Minister, Mr. Nelson T. Johnston, makes best speech heard in Sydney for many a long day when he is guest of honor at opening.

Particularly interested in housing from his personal experience is Mr. Johnston, as his own home, new American legation at Canberra, is just completed.

Models, posters, and photographic display form basis of exhibition, which is under auspices of Town Planning and Housing Committee of Ministry of Post-War Reconstruction and United States Office of War Information.

**RATION-CONSCIOUS** feminine first-nighters get thrill at seeing Gladys Moncrieff's lovely gowns when she appears as star in "Katinka" at Royal. Gallery girls remain true to their favorite, and flock round "Glad" in Green Room backstage after performance, as she comes offstage laden with gifts of glorious flowers plus bottles of French champagne sent by admirers.

Among gifts particularly admire lovely basket of fruit—gift from Jeanette Mitchell. Used to first-night excitement and taking confusion and fuss with bored indifference, Chang, Gladys' eight-year-old Pekie, calmly waits for his mistress to take him home.

Cabled news from her son, Lieut. Ian G. Hulme, N.Z.E.F. in Italy, received by Eva Moore, also appearing in show, tells her he is safe and well.



**NEW CENEF HOSTEL.** Lady Gowrie greets Third-Officer Joan Furley, W.R.A.N.S. (left), and Third-Officer Pat Ross, W.R.A.N.S., when she opens first canteen for women officers of auxiliary services at St. Philip's Church Hall, Church Hill. Occasion of official opening was also in nature of farewell to Lady Gowrie by C.E.N.E.F. members who will run hostel.



**GALA PREMIERE.** Mrs. Bernard Freeman (left) greets Lord Wakehurst and Lady Wakehurst at premiere of "Eve Curie" at St. James Theatre. Proceeds of film for Anzac House.



**HONEYMOONERS.** Major John Alison, A.I.F., and his bride, who was formerly Mary Chandler, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Chandler, of Charleville and Brisbane, Queensland. Couple met at military hospital in Queensland, where bride is member of A.A.M.W.S. John, elder son of Mr. R. W. Alison, of Nulla Nulla, Dunlop, was well-known polo player.

**BETWEEN** patrol and rescue work in tropic seas and studying for commission, Skipper John Mills, R.A.N.V.R. (N.A.P.), former artist with The Australian Women's Weekly, found time during his 14 months in New Guinea to paint collection of watercolors and sketches.

He has brought back collection, which will be exhibited at his one-man show in aid of Royal Australian Navy Relief Fund at Macquarie Galleries this Wednesday at 12 noon.

Rear-Admiral G. C. Muirhead-Gould, who will be accompanied by his charming wife, will open exhibition.

Mrs. Mills, herself an artist—Pat O'Neill—will accompany her husband to opening. Exhibit will remain open until August 22.

**INFORMAL** dinner with Ben Meeks at her home, Castlefield, Edgecliff, for American comedian Jack Benny and Larry Adler. Larry is old friend of Ben's, and he and Jack enjoy her hospitality before going on with Carole Landis, Martha Finton, and June Bruener to Tivoli, then to Prince's.

Larry tells me that he feels Sydney is "his town," as he puts it, because he enjoyed his previous visit here so much.

**SOLITAIRE** diamond with sapphire shoulders set in platinum is given Barbara Rogers by fiancé, Lieut. Bill Pickering, A.I.F. Barbara, who is private in A.A.M.W.S., is only child of Mr. and Mrs. G. Rogers, of Roseville.



**BACK IN SYDNEY.** Popular conductor, Eugene Ormandy and Mrs. Ormandy, who arrive in town this Tuesday, look over score for Mr. Ormandy's concerts at Town Hall next Monday and Tuesday. Couple have been visiting other States.



**OVERSEAS WEDDING.** Flying-Officer Harold Newton, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Mabel Reed, of Queensway, Toronto. Harold, who is stationed in Canada, is son of Mr. and Mrs. James Newton, of "Walnut Grove," Canowindra. He and bride plan future home at Canowindra.

**PRESIDENT** of New South Wales Wives and Fiances of U.S. Servicemen's Club, Ely Collins, gives pre-wedding party at Romano's for two club members, Dulcie and Billie Hoppner, who plan double wedding at end of month. Dulcie will marry Private Edsworth Burdett, of Pennsylvania, and Billie plans marriage with Sgt. Randolph Scott, of Oklahoma.

## Interesting People

**MR. K. C. WHEARE**

... Oxford professorship

**RECENTLY APPOINTED**

Gladstone Professor of Government and Public Administration, Oxford, and Fellow of All Souls College, Mr. Kenneth Clinton Wheare is first Australian to hold the professorship and fourth elected Fellow of All Souls. He was Victorian Rhodes Scholar of 1929.

All Souls was founded in 1437 by Henry Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury, as a chantry for souls of those killed in the wars in France.

**DR. LUCY BRYCE**

... Red Cross mission abroad

To study latest clinical methods of blood transfusion in England and U.S.A., Dr. Lucy Bryce, of Melbourne, is travelling abroad on recommendation of Medical Service Committee of Australian Red Cross. Dr. Bryce has been connected with Red Cross Blood Bank since its inception in 1929.

Graduate of Melbourne University, she specialised in pathology. Studied laboratory methods in Europe.

**PROFESSOR A. D. ROSS**

... New calendar

**PRESIDENT.** Australian branch of British Institute of Physics, Dr. A. D. Ross, Professor of Mathematics and Physics, Perth University, is active supporter of new world calendar proposed by his branch and already adopted by 14 countries. Recommendations for fixed calendar include months of 31, 30, 30 days in each quarter, giving 26 working days in each month.



**PROCEEDS FOR WAR BONDS.** Dorothy Evans, student (left), Margaret Reardon, and Enid Duckmanton, ex-students of Methodist Ladies' College, Burwood, selling flowers at annual Market Day, proceeds of which are invested in war bonds to purchase library and swimming-pool for college after war. Lady Wakehurst guest at Market Day.

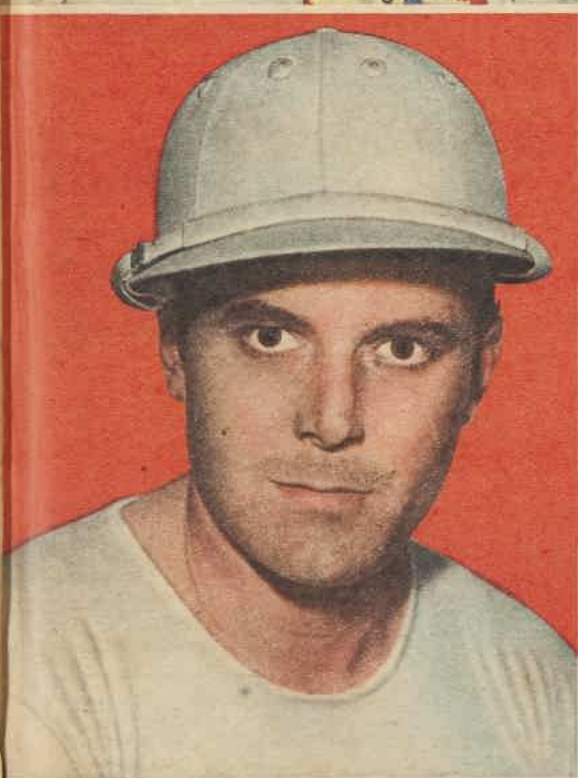


## LADY IN THE DARK

¶ Paramount's technicolor fantasy, "Lady in the Dark," based on the famous Broadway success, is reputed to have cost the studio nearly £500,000 to produce.

In spite of wartime restrictions, this film presents some of the most lavish sets and fabulous clothes ever seen on the screen. In one sequence for instance, Ginger Rogers wears an elaborate evening gown with a full skirt of mink, lined with sequins.

Ginger is the editor of a glamorous fashion magazine, who, unable to solve her romantic problems, seeks the advice of a psycho-analyst. From that point the film becomes a sensational procession of dream sequences, through which Miss Rogers gropes her way back to normal.



• Taken from "Lady in the Dark," the photographs on this page show Ginger Rogers as herself (at top) and as the glamorous figure of her dreams (right). Jon Hall (above) is the romantic actor who also features in her dreams.



1 A scrap bag can be a veritable lucky dip in itself! Dip into yours and see. That piece of red and white spotted rayon, for instance: wouldn't it make lovely gay revers for your blue suit? And the bit over could be folded around the crown of your blue felt hat. Scrap bags are full of ideas like that!



2 If you're looking for a glamour bag to hold make-up and the like, here's one you can run up yourself. Your daughter would just love it for dating and dancing, too. It's made from black corduroy velvet lined with turquoise silk. Cut a paper pattern to fold over like the one in the sketch—and don't forget side gussets.



3 Make up a pair of gloves from your odd ones. It doesn't matter if they are of a different colour, as long as they are both of the same skin or material and a right and left, of course. Now take them along to a glove or bag shop and, if you can, have them dyed a dark colour for a small sum.



4 How's your elastic girdle weathering the war? Of course there's only one way to make it last — by regular tubbing. If you're afraid it won't wash try the girdle in tepid Persil suds and see what a wonderful job you'll turn out. Quickly Persil eases out the harmful perspiration — firms up the girdle and gives it longer life.

5 Here's a tip about white accessories. They're chic as 1945 with a dark frock—but ONLY if they're really snowy. The secret is Persil washing. Persil's oxygen-charged suds coax out even worked-in dirt and leave whites fairly sparkling with smartness. P.263.2





1 **HIS SHOW** fails, and Jerry Flynn (Cary Grant) is broke, but sees answer to his problems when Pinky (Ted Donaldson) shows him a caterpillar which dances to music.



4 **RADIO** and Press take up the sensational story, but Pinky, hearing the many tempting offers to buy Curly the caterpillar, makes Jerry promise not to sell.



2 **PINKY'S SISTER**, Jeanne (Janet Blair), tries to keep her brother away from Jerry, but Pinky has faith in him.



3 **IN SPITE** of sceptical assistant (James Gleason), Jerry rings all the newspapers to tell of Pinky's amazing dancing caterpillar.



6 **WHEN** playing Curly's favorite tune one day, a butterfly circles round the room, and Jeanne and Jerry realise it is the long-lost caterpillar.

There's no substitute  
for  
**'Plasticine'**

The original modelling  
material  
made by **HARBUTT'S**



5 **WHEN** Curly disappears, Pinky and Jeanne search vainly, and are convinced that Jerry stole him.

★ ★ ★

## Once upon a time

**B**ECAUSE of novel touch of fantasy in the story, "Once Upon a Time" is certain to bring varied reactions. Some may think that it strains at coyness and whimsy; others will be happy over just these different qualities.

The central figure of Columbia's fairy tale, "Once Upon a Time," is Curly, the amazing caterpillar which dances to the tune of "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby." As even Hollywood's ingenious prop men were unable to produce a trained caterpillar, the spectacular antics of Curly are not witnessed on the screen.

Stocky ten-year-old newcomer Ted Donaldson is the proud owner of Curly, and with an exceptionally fine performance the lad steals the acting honors from such favorites as Cary Grant and Janet Blair.

Ted, who has appeared in stage and radio plays since he was four, made his screen debut in a very minor role in "Cover Girl." Even this brief appearance assured the studio executives that Ted had star material, and he was signed for the important role of Pinky in this film. Ted is now under contract for three films.



**10 minutes**  
*From Wish to Dish*

Ask your Grocer for Smorgon's Steak and Kidney Pudding, Frankfurts, Sausages, Lamb Tongues, Camp Pie, and Meat Galantine.

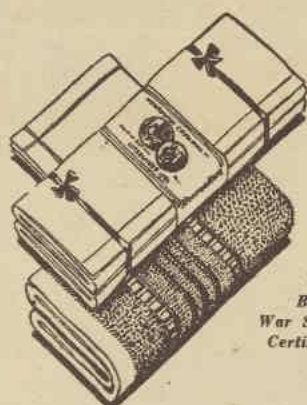
**Smorgon's**  
**CHELSEA**  
CANNED

**MEAT DISHES**

IT'S A TREAT TO EAT SMORCON'S



## BUY LESS...BUY THE BEST



Buy  
War Savings  
Certificates

Spend warily, spend wisely these days of wartime restrictions. When you have to replace your household linens, be sure and buy Horrockses. In spite of war standards, Horrockses are still the best and most durable of all.

And remember, when peace returns, all the Horrockses lines will come back. There's nothing to beat Horrockses for value.

**Horrockses**  
REGD.  
*Sheets & Pillowcases*

MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH



## Five pieces make a complete wardrobe

● Heavy green wool for a reeler jacket that is smart and snug. Toss it casually over the shoulders of your suit or button it up to wear over the skirt and a red sweater.



● A beautifully tailored wool suit, and one that will serve you smartly for early spring. We suggest it in beige with a white chalk stripe, and with it a washable white over-collar of pique or finest linen to give that lettuce-crisp look.

● A perfectly plain red sweater, monogrammed in white, and tailored slacks are the final items in your economy wardrobe. Slacks should match up with your suit, so you can team them with the jacket — and, of course, the green reeler.

PSNE



## New Way to Stop Child's Cold

NEW "thermal cream" Rub acts 3 ways to Clear Stuffed-up Nose; Relieve Sore Throat; Break up Croupy Chest Congestion.

Quicker!—It's the new cream Rub—Buckley's Wintrol Rub—its quick, positive 3-way "thermal" action is the most pleasant, effective external way to break up congested, croupy, bronchial colds. Feel its fast, soothing action clear smothering, stuffed-up head passages—make breathing easy. See how swiftly it brings soothing comfort to a sore, irritated throat.

Rub Buckley's Wintrol Rub over neck and chest and be amazed at how quickly its glowing "thermal" action relieves aching, shivering soreness; breaks up croupy, bronchial congestion; and keeps little ones warm, comfortable, while its wonderful 3-way action is driving the flu out of the system.

When your child gets a cold—it's no time to experiment! Get it under control fast with this better—surer—quicker "thermal" treatment that has been long proved by mothers in far rugged Canada. It's greaseless and stainless. Buckley's Wintrol Rub—now at every chemist.

## CORNS lift out

Cheer up! Forget that beastly, burning, throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frosol-Ice and pain goes. This better-type anaesthetic action works fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—core and all. Lift out your corns with Frosol-Ice and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free, happy feet. Chemists everywhere sell Frosol-Ice.



THE GUEST HOUSE  
NEAR THE FACTORY  
WAS LOADED  
TO THE BRIM



WHAT'S MORE,  
FOR ALL THE TIME HE TOOK,  
HIS HANDS  
STILL LOOKED NEGLECTED



AND EVERY NIGHT  
THE BATHROOM QUEUE  
GREW MADDEN  
AT POOR JIM



BUT NOW  
(WITH SOLVOL'S FRIENDLY HELP)  
JIM'S WELCOME  
AND RESPECTED.

ALL HANDS  
TODAY  
NEED —



NO NEED TO WEAR  
GLASSES... if you suffer from

SHORT SIGHT, LONG SIGHT, ASTIGMATISM, FAULING SIGHT, SQUINT, TURNED EYES, STRAIN, TIRED EYES, EYE HEADACHES, or any other eye weakness (except Dissolved Eyes), you owe it to yourself to investigate Ferguson Eyesight Training, which treats the cause and not the effect of these eye troubles.

Men, women and children of all ages from 5 to 75 have come to see me, worried and fearful about their eyes, and have gone away relieved and hopeful again. I have helped hundreds of people to perfect eyesight again without the necessity for wearing glasses. These include ladies about to enter the Air Force, Sailors, and Soldiers, Women for the Services, Engine Drivers, Chauffeurs, Policemen, men, women and children from all ranks and conditions of life, and all callings... No matter what your age, if this makes you say to yourself, "that's me!" call or write (enclosing 2/6d. stamp for postage) for full information and my Free Booklet "Better Natural Sight Without Wearing Glasses" (consultation is free), to Ferguson Eyesight Training, 4th Floor, Manchester Unity Building, 185a Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Phone: MA5455.

## Howard's been

giving us the low-down on aviation, Laddy," he said, watching Louise take her seat. "I've been flying my own plane for twelve years, but after getting a load of this I figure it must be just dumb luck I never cracked up."

Larry sat down. "How about going home, Howard? It's getting late. What do you say?"

"Are you going, Louise?" the boy asked.

"What's that got to do with it?" Larry retorted. "I said you. I'll drive you back to town, if you like."

"I'll wait for Louise," the boy said. Larry leaned forward, frowning. "I don't want to be unpleasant about this," he said, "but I'm getting awfully fed-up with you, Howard. We all are. We want you to go. Not just me. All of us. Now, are you going to come quietly, or am I going to have to make you?"

The boy's face was white and still. "Who's going to make me?" he asked. "You and your friend—a couple of slackers?"

"Okay, Howard! Get out of there, Ed! You get out, too, Helen!"

"Larry!"

"I'm sorry, Louise! But nobody's going to call me a slacker and get away with it! I don't care how young he is!"

As Ed Clark stood up, the music stopped, and amid a scattering of applause the dancers began to melt away from the floor.

A waiter and a heavy-set man in a dark suit detached themselves from the bar and headed across the floor.

"Anything the matter, Mr. Clark?"

The man in the dark suit, who had asked the question, was Joe

## My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Continued from page 7

Luci the proprietor. As though something funny had been said, Ed Clark burst out laughing.

"Just a little insubordination, Joe. Mr. Planagan is handling it—I think."

"The kid been making trouble, Mr. Planagan?"

"A little," Larry admitted. "Nothing to worry about, Joe."

"He a friend of yours—and Mr. Clark?"

"No."

"You want to get him out of there?"

"It's his bedtime," Ed Clark said for the benefit of the audience.

"Why don't you go home and go to bed, Howard?"

"Maybe we'd better take care of this for you, Mr. Clark. We don't want any trouble here."

"It's okay by me. What do you say, Larry? Let Joe do it."

The words seemed to give his friend the direction he had been unsure of, for he took a step forward, saying, "I'll do this."

"Leave him alone, Larry!" Louise said as he crouched to slide into the seat.

But he just said, "This is your last chance to get out quietly, Howard. If you do, nobody's going to hurt you."

"You'd better not come any closer," the boy said.

Muttering something to the waiter, Joe Luci stepped lightly toward the booth behind the boy. He might have been leading an attack, for people simultaneously started across the dance floor.

As the boy's eyes followed Luci, Larry had him by the wrist.

"Don't hurt him!" Louise pleaded.

A man's voice said, "He's just a kid!" and a chorus of exclamations arose from the spectators.

A moment later, translated by some sleight of hand from booth to floor, Luci was passing among them like a choirmaster, arms raised, hushing and dispersing. In response to one of his gestures, the band loosed a brassy torrent that swept round the room; and, clutching one another, looking back over their shoulders, men and women were carried along by the current.

Only Ed Clark and his wife and Luci and the waiter were left beside the booth, where Louise was still arched over the table, propped on her arms. Sitting side by side, facing her, the man and boy were linked at one point. The boy's clenched hand opened slowly as it was forced against the table's edge; slowly the palm disappeared, but his slim brown fingers were caught and bent back until they showed white.

Suddenly, as though she were giving the boy an example of how to break loose, Louise spun round and with a sweeping gesture caught up her coat from the bench. The four silent spectators gave way before her, and she was through them, blundering along the edge of the dance floor. She heard a voice call her name, but did not look back.

Pulling open the door, she stepped into a yielding blackness, rouged by a neon glow. Her feet let her down unsteadily, then bore her past an embankment of parked cars. The night withdrew in front of her, spinning out a cinder driveway. A gleam of light gave substance to the closer shadows, and she heard voices and steps.

"Louise!"

She turned and watched his blurred approach. He loomed above her, his face above his collar.

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"Why don't you get into the car?"

"I'm going alone. On the bus."

"What's the matter?"

"I want to go home alone."

At a crunching sound they looked back and saw the slight figure coming toward them. The boy halted, watching them. No one said anything until the man began to swear softly. The girl started walking again.

"Louise!" he called. "For the last time, are you coming home with me or not?"

The only answer was the sound of steps, the boy's close by on the cinders and hers farther off, like an echo. The man waited without moving. Then he strode back toward the roadhouse.

The boy looked after him and, turning, followed the girl, whose retreating figure was barely visible in the darkness.

When he reached the concrete highway, she was standing on the

other side, beside a white-ringed telephone pole. He crossed obliquely to a point some yards from the pole. A few minutes later, the lights of the bus trembled into view.

She climbed in first, settling into the vacant seat behind the driver, while the boy sat down across the aisle. Each time they stopped, his eyes came round to her, but she was gazing out the window.

The stop before the girl's the thunder of planes broke over them more abruptly than before. The whole town rocked under it; the bus shuddered like a skiff in a rip tide.

"There must be about twenty of them in that bunch!" the driver said as a woman got out.

"B-17s," the boy said.

Reaching in the gear lever, the driver glanced at him. "Yeah? How do you know?"

"I ought to know. My brother's a gunner in a B-17."

"Is that a fact?"

"Tall gunner," the boy said.

"Shot down any planes yet?"

"Sure: three Messerschmitts and a Focke-Wulf, the last I heard."

"He must be pretty good."

"Bill's a good gunner," the boy said.

He watched the girl reach for the bell, and, when they stopped again, followed her to the door.

"Wish your brother good luck for me when you write to him," the driver said.

"Okay," the boy said.

He stood beside the girl while the bus pulled away. The hissing sound

of its tyres grew fainter; there were no other cars in sight; but she did not move.

"He'll be killed," she said.

"Bill?" replied the boy. "No, he won't."

They walked silently along the dark street toward her house.

"Anyway," she went on, as though to herself, "he doesn't really care about me. He is almost as much of a kid as you are."

"Bill's not a kid. You don't know him the way I do."

"You know an awful lot for a twelve-year-old kid."

"Thirteen," the boy said.

When she did not reply, he glanced at her and then averted his eyes tactfully. They came to the break in the hedge in front of her house. The house was dark.

"Good night," she said.

As he echoed the words she lowered the handkerchief she had been holding to her lips and said, "I'm sorry you missed the movie."

"That's okay, Louise."

"Do you want to go to-morrow night?"

"Sure. Do you?"

"All right."

"Okay. I'll drop round for you," the boy said.

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FOR YOUR DOG  
1/4 AT ALL CHEMISTS



## DE WITT'S PILLS

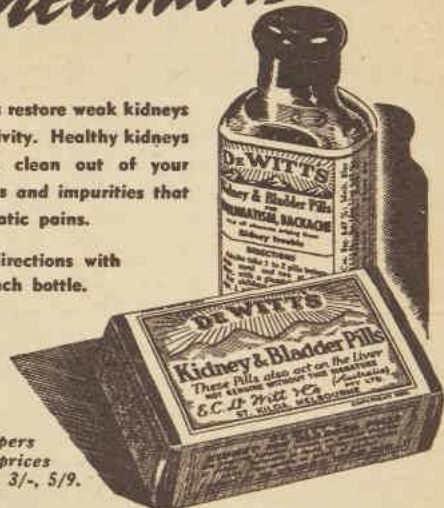
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## Rheumatism

De Witt's Pills restore weak kidneys to healthy activity. Healthy kidneys will promptly clean out of your system poisons and impurities that cause Rheumatic pains.

Full directions with each bottle.

Of Chemists and Storekeepers everywhere: prices . . . 1/9, 3/4, 5/9.



## DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills



**'NUGGET'**  
Makes the shine and the shoes last longer

H.P. 10





THESE FROCKS, designed by Lorian, are worn by Margaret Vyner in film, "Pavement Nightingale." Above, ice-blue moss crepe.



THE DULL and shiny sides of black satin make a striking contrast in this sophisticated dinner ensemble with slender frock and boxy jacket.



GREEN WOOL with novel neckline and low, slim-fitting waistline cleverly accented with brilliantly colored metal fobs.

## "Be Your Own Doctor!"

This is the title of Science of Life booklet No. 4. These days, when there's a shortage of doctors and hospital accommodation, it's a wise person who learns the principles of doing without either — barring accidents!

This little Science of Life booklet gives, in simple form, all the knowledge of your anatomy that you should know, and how to keep it functioning efficiently.

In addition, it gives all the wonderful new principles of nutrition. Armed with the knowledge contained in "Be Your Own Doctor," you should enjoy uniform good health and be quite independent of doctors, except for accidents or childbirth. Price 2/11s. posted.

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8. Appendicitis—Cause, Prevention, and Cure.
9. Rheumatism—Cause and Cure.
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Box 4397, G.P.O., Sydney.

I HATED to think of the "then." I said, "Here, Monty," in a dulcet voice. But Montgomery had lost faith in me. He quivered, dived over a two-by-four and scooted toward a hole through which the glow of an electric light bulb gleamed. Then he stopped.

I remembered my closet. It had a light which I'd forgotten to turn off after hanging up my clothes. I'd

## Tally-Ho! Cont. from page 4

noticed a hole in the ceiling, and this was it. I hoped Montgomery would have sense enough to keep clear.

Meantime I was hearing the commotion below. The frantic yelping of the hounds, Sheldon's angry tones, Irwin's voice high and persistent above the hubbub, and a dozen people chattering.

Sheldon stuck to his guns, but he didn't keep the door closed. I heard his "Impossible," repeated over and over again, and then the dogs got past him. He must have backed away and the pack went streaming up the stairs.

Montgomery's panic increased. The hounds were six feet away, baying like mad, and how was Montgomery to know he was safe?

My heart was hammering with dread. I heard Sheldon still saying it was impossible, and Irwin insisting that hounds were never wrong, and Adela saying the whole thing was absurd, and everyone else beginning to titter. Irwin was growing madder every minute because the honor of his pack was at stake.

But poor Montgomery didn't understand. All he wanted to do was to get out of the attic, and the only exit was the hole in the ceiling of my closet. He leapt for it and I leapt for him, but he was more sure-footed. We both had about the same fate.

He disappeared down the hole. I missed my footing and went through the flimsy ceiling, hurtling downwards to the accompaniment of cries and excited baying. I hit hard and just missed the beagles and a pair of gallops.

Adela stood staring. It flashed through my mind, even in that dire emergency, that her gallops looked more incongruous now, as she had discarded her jacket, and her short-sleeved blue blouse was inappropriately soft and feminine.

Montgomery meantime had burst out of the closet and made a desperate break for freedom.

Irwin turned on me furiously and everybody else gasped. I wiped off pieces of wallboard. Then I said, in a sort of quaking voice, "Just a joke." I stared at him for a moment, and in the next word I put all the irony I could command. "Sir," I said, and saluted. And for a final shot, I added, "Happy hunting."

My audience burst into paroxysms of laughter. Vaguely, I was aware that Sheldon was inviting them downstairs for a snack and that Adela was being a hostess. But I didn't dare look at her.

I muttered inanities and explained I'd found a tame bunny, but nobody believed me.

When they couldn't get anything else out of me they stopped asking questions. I was wondering when the next train left for the city. This agony of people would have to end soon. Then I'd apologise to Dell and tell her I was going, and that I'd never bother her with another proposal. I supposed that somehow I could forget her among my military secrets.

I sneaked out to the kitchen. Anything to get away from that mob. The maid, who wasn't too bright, looked at me and said, "Want glass of water?"

"No."

"Want for to eat?"

"No."

"You have too much meat pie for lunch. Miss Adela, she make it good, huh?"

"Adela?"

"Sure. She make."

Well, that was that. Adela, with her claustrophobia, in a kitchen. She was just too proud or something to admit she'd made me a meat pie. If I'd known that, things might have been different. But it was too late now.

I stayed in the kitchen until I heard people go. Then I slipped into the hall. It was empty. I went into the living-room and waited. I was all washed up, but I had to have it out with Adela nevertheless.

By and by she came back. She'd taken the gallops off and her legs were as lovely as ever. Lovelier, in fact.

She halted in the centre of the room. "Hello, Bob," she said.

"Adela, I don't know what to say."

"You've never admitted that before."

I shrugged. She had a right to lay it on thick if she wanted to.

"Bob," she said. "I want to tell you something. You've always been so sure of me, haven't you? And so sure of yourself. As if there were nothing really important I could do for you, ever. A nice pair of legs to look at, something ornamental, but—no need. That's why I said, earlier, I'd like to see you grovel. You were so self-sufficient and he-mannish, there wasn't a chance I could ever take care of you. And now you need me, and I can admit I love you and—well, aren't you going to propose?"

She wasn't kidding either. "Bob," I said to myself, "let her pretend. If it amuses her, let her think she's taking care of you. But you know her like a book. She's just playing a new part."

I felt rotten, in a way, because I should have got down on my knees and thanked her for being decent. But instead I took her in my arms.

"Dell," I said. "Feel like marrying a heel? Say, by next Wednesday, up in Troy?"

She looked up at me, and I'd never seen her eyes quite like that. "Sure, Bob," she said.

Then I kissed her. I said softly, under my breath, "Tally-ho!" Because I had my rabbit.

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## BRONCHIAL ASTHMA

Just a Few Sips and—then—Relief!

Sleep Sound All Night.

To-day at any chemist get a bottle of BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL (triple acting)—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardily cold Canada—take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

**Buckley's CANADIOL**  
MIXTURE  
A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

## Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you could do the mixing yourself to save expense."

"Just get a small box of Orlax Compound from your chemist and mix up with a half-pint of water and a little perfume. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

**VIM**  
makes  
saucepans  
shine—  
CLEANS WITHOUT SCRATCHING

## DO YOU KNOW?



In Palestine, a man who has spaced teeth and blue eyes is supposed to possess the power of the evil eye.



Lady Hamilton's dentist recommended "a straight toothbrush with stiff hair fixed in the end, somewhat like a painter's pencil". Even with a toothbrush like that, Lady Hamilton's smile was a winner. So what couldn't you do with a modern toothbrush and Kolynos Dental Cream? Kolynos sweeps away ugly stains... leaves your teeth white and sparkling.



Kolynos has been awarded the Gold Seal of the London Institute of Hygiene for consistent purity and quality.

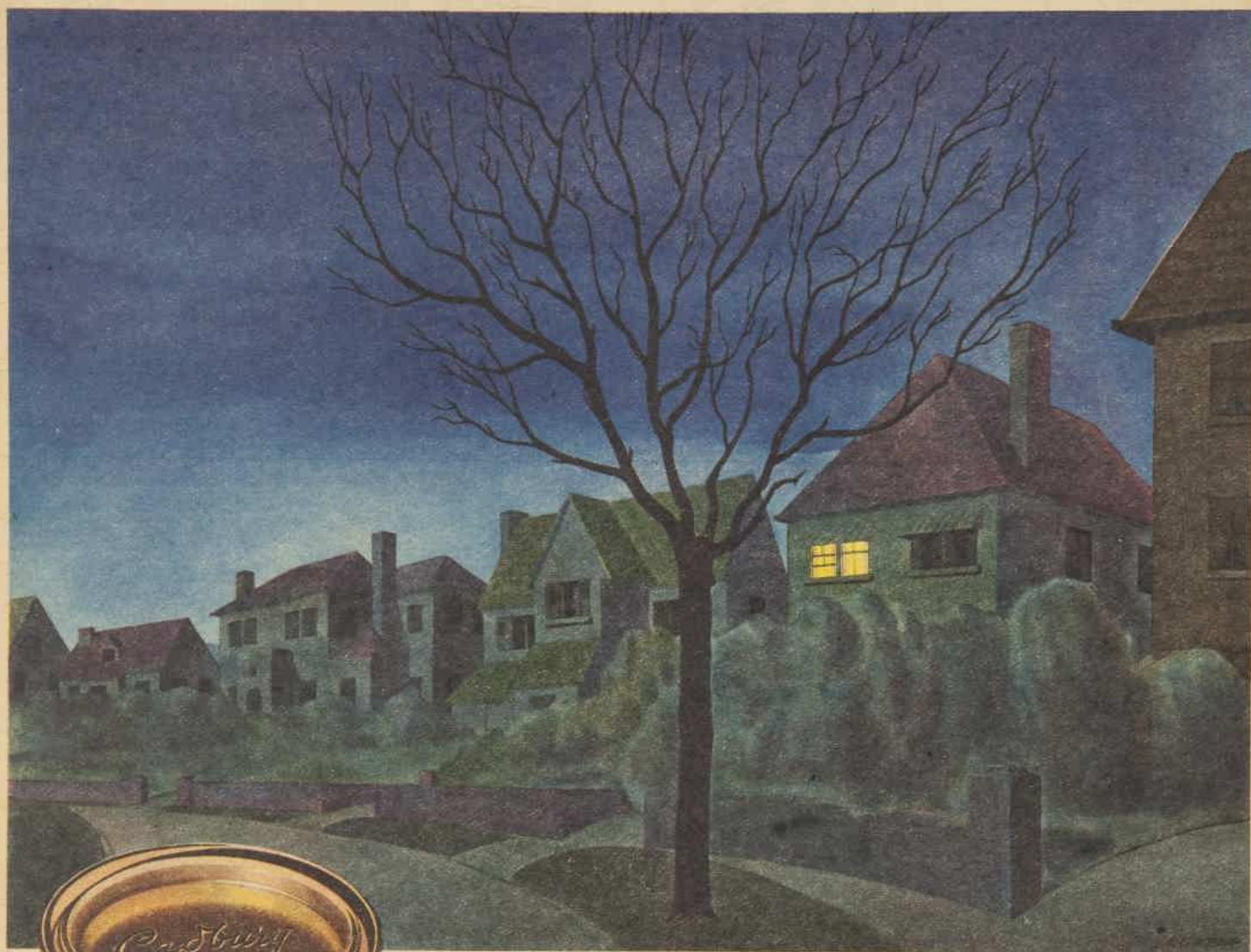
King James I. of England had decayed teeth and was forced to bolt his food. As a result, he suffered from chronic indigestion most of his life. Do you know what causes tooth decay? Those tiny particles of food that get jammed between your teeth. But you can sweep away those food deposits with just half an inch of Kolynos Dental Cream on a dry brush.

**Cerebos**  
TABLE SALT

REMEMBER IT! IT WILL BE BACK WHEN PEACE COMES.



# ADVICE TO THE SLEEPLESS . . .



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CADBURY  
Claremont  
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Does your bedroom window tell a story of sleeplessness? You will find that a cup of Cadbury's Bourn-vita is a pleasant aid to deep, refreshing sleep. Bourn-vita is a delicious food drink, quickly prepared and easily digested, with a soothing effect on the nerves which brings mental and physical relaxation.

For this reason, it is used extensively in our Military Hospitals and Convalescent Homes. Cadbury's Bourn-vita is rich in vitamin B, calcium and phosphorus, and has the nourishment of the eggs, full-cream milk, barley malt and chocolate from which it is made. Ask your supplier to reserve for you a tin of Cadbury's Bourn-vita when next he receives his supply.

BOURN-VITA AT BEDTIME . . . FOR DEEP, REFRESHING SLEEP



## HAPPY CHILDHOOD

He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

Give  
**STEEDMAN'S POWDERS**

John Steedman & Co., Watworth Rd., London, Eng.

Health and Freedom from  
**CRUEL ACHES & PAINS** (LIVING ADVERTISEMENT)

Mrs. Mollie Neumann, via Maldon, Victoria, found in R.U.R. the answer to a life of pain and torture, and now she writes:—  
"Having benefited so much by your treatment for Rheumatism, I am only too happy to help you to continue to carry on the good work you are doing. To bring back health and freedom from the cruel aches and pains of Rheumatism, etc. is truly a divine gift, and I lie cosy in bed at night now and thank God that I was advised to take your R.U.R. 'I am one of your living advertisements'."

R.U.R. owes its success to the common-sense nature of its eliminative and toxic-removing properties. It has achieved many recoveries equally remarkable as that of Mrs. Neumann. It is the only treatment which at the same time contains a laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier, and acid corrective. R.U.R. is therefore truly a five-fold treatment, praised by thousands. R.U.R. is bound to do you good. 4/- and 7/6 at chemists and stores everywhere.

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The quality of Melo-dee all-purpose Cream, too, is still maintained... remember that.

## Head Cold Misery

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BURNING  
EYES!

A drop of Murine in each eye night and morning will bring amazing relief. Ask your chemist.

**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR EYES

## Limber up for spring!



THE NICE LITTLE GIRL pictured at right, Jeff Donnell, Columbia player, shows you how to exercise the spine and aid the supple waist. Stand erect with feet together, knees straight. Clasp hands behind the head and bend slowly sideways from the waist. Keep the hips in position while bending from side to side, and be careful not to arch the back.

HERE'S AN EXERCISE that does wonders for the waistline and slimming of the ankles. It is demonstrated above by Carol Bruce, of Universal. Using one hand for balancing, rise on the toes and bend back as far as possible, stretching the other arm back in a slow, easy motion. Don't overdo this exercise at the start. Repeat a few times every day, working up to a daily dozen. Always remember this: Consistency in exercising makes for success.



FOR REDUCING THIGHS, lie on floor as illustrated above by Julie Bishop, of Warner Bros., and swing legs side to side. Another grand exercise is to lunge forward from the erect as shown on lower right.



GOOD all-round exercise. Stand erect and bend as shown. Repeat 12 times.

## Treatment of Varicose Veins

Modern medical treatment can give immense relief to most sufferers.

By MEDICO

"I KNOCKED my shin on the leg of the chair, and now I can't get it to heal," stated Mrs. Hivers. "What is the best ointment to use?"

It was a well-known story. The legs had been rather tired and swollen of late. There were varicose veins, and below one knee was a big blue lump of vein. The skin on the lower leg was bluish and shiny, and the slightest knock would start an ulcer.

"Medical science to-day can almost give you a new pair of young legs," I assured Mrs. Hivers. "But it won't be done with ointment," I added.

The cause of the problem is not the knock, but the leg veins which have become varicose. Lots of people suffer from very close veins as the comedians call them, but the condition has nothing to do with the veins being too close together.

Some people seem to be born with veins that are weak-walled.

Prolonged standing is a factor, although walking keeps them in good tone.

### How the veins work

THE arteries carry blood from the heart to every part of the body, and this blood is returned by the veins. In the legs the blood has to flow back against the force of gravity, so nature has provided a number of valves, which prevent the blood flowing backwards.

When the veins (which are thin-walled) become stretched or weak, the blood becomes stagnant because the valves do not function.

Fortunately there is a double set of veins in the leg. When those

near the surface fail to function properly their work can be carried on by the deep veins in the leg muscles.

Varicose veins are easily recognised, but it is not usually realised that the local interference with the circulation makes the surrounding tissues unhealthy. A slight injury to such unhealthy tissue can develop into an ulcer.

Once they become stretched, varicose veins are useless. Although various types of bandages can give relief they do not cure.

Until the varicose veins are dried up the blood is merely stagnating in them, and so interfering with the health of the local tissues.

### Injectations can cure

MODERN treatment of varicose veins is by the local injection of a fluid which has the power to slightly inflame the walls of the vein and form a sterile clot. This clot becomes firmly fixed to the vein wall. Gradually the vein, as a channel, is destroyed, and it contracts to a thin cord.

This treatment does not require the patient to be in hospital, and does not interfere with ordinary activities.

Relief from leg pain is experienced at an early stage of the treatment, which may have to be repeated at intervals.

Sometimes, if the veins are very swollen, injections cannot bring the walls together, and a very large vein might need surgical treatment.

These new methods have given new life to many who were crippled with varicose veins with their tiredness, eczema, or ulcers.

[All characters mentioned in the above article are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.]

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-IS QUICKER

Cold and flu germs are very active this winter. Given the slightest opportunity, they will strike quickly and effectively. You may be their next victim. Safeguard your health by always keeping a packet of 'ASPRO' tablets on hand.

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# Children's Paintings of the OSLO LUNCH

by Prizewinners in sensational  
'Sunday Telegraph' Child Art Exhibition



The Oslo Lunch, painted by Bonnie Ducrou, aged 11 years. She won First Prize in her section of the recent 'Sunday Telegraph' Child Art Exhibition.

## This is the Oslo Lunch

Three slices of buttered wholemeal bread with 1 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, half a pint of milk, an orange or an apple or serving of salad ingredients such as lettuce, tomato, celery, shredded raw carrot or cabbage.

These Oslo Lunch ingredients provide a good daily allowance of the "protective" food elements, minerals and vitamins. That's why the meal is such a wonderful health safeguard for your children.



Published by the Kraft Walker Cheese Co., as a contribution towards the building of a healthy nation.



Robert Williamson, aged 13 years, won Certificates of Merit in the 'Sunday Telegraph' Child Art Exhibition. This is his colourful impression of the Oslo Lunch.



Another painting of the Oslo Lunch—this one by 13 year old John Camm. All these talented children are pupils at the Joy Ewart Juvenile Art Class, Sydney.



# VEGETABLES...

THESE columns deal with salad service and hot service... with old rules and new discoveries... with plain service and dressed vegetables that are fine fare as a separate course on the dinner menu or as luncheon or supper dish.

## CABBAGE

As a salad vegetable cabbage is a rich source of vitamin C... 2oz. raw cabbage contains about as much C as 40oz. of cooked. Wash and shred very finely. Drain, dry, and crisp in refrigerator. Try seasoned and tossed in salad cream or clear dressing. May be combined with chopped apple, chives, or chopped onion, diced pineapple, shredded carrot, sweet pepper.

**To Cook:** Wash thoroughly, removing wilted leaves and coarse stem. Quarter and cook in plenty of boiling salted water, with lid off, until just tender—about 15 minutes. Dry bread on top absorbs odor.

Drain well, season, and serve. Over-cooking develops a strong, undesirable flavor.

**Method 2:** Shred finely, cook in heavy, lidded pan in small quantity of boiling water and a nob of fat. Stir several times or shake pan. As soon as tender, drain and season.

**Red Cabbage in the Dutch Manner:** Allow four apples and two onions to each cabbage. Shred finely, and mix with apple and onion. Season with pepper, salt, and sugar, and add a small bouquet of parsley. Add a little boiling water and cook quickly until tender. Add lemon juice and a nob of butter. In the good old days a half bottle of burgundy was added.

**Hot Cabbage Coleslaw:** Cook for 5 minutes 3 cups finely shredded cabbage. Fry 2 rashers of bacon, chop, and add to drained, seasoned cabbage. Add, also, 1 teaspoon chopped chives or onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1½ tablespoons vinegar. Serve very hot topped with sliced hard-boiled egg.

**Scalloped Cabbage:** Melt 1 tablespoon good beef dripping in pan and cook in it for 7 minutes without browning ½ cup diced celery and 1 dessertspoon chopped onion. Stir in 3 cups shredded cabbage and ½ cup water, and cook for 10 minutes, stirring once or twice. Mix with 1 cup white sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, and 1 teaspoon sugar. Turn into greased oven dish, sprinkle with grated cheese, and bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 15 minutes.

## CAULIFLOWER

For salad service choose young, firm heads, wash thoroughly, separate into flowerets and marinate for at least half an hour in a clear vinegar or lemon juice dressing, flavored with herbs and a hint of onion. Good with chopped sweet peppers, with diced orange, or celery.

**To Cook:** Wash thoroughly after cutting away broken leaves and coarse stem, in cold salted water. Cook whole or in flowerets in boiling salted water until just tender, 10 to 15 minutes. Drain, and serve with white sauce.

**Dressed cauliflower** is a favorite luncheon or supper entree. Try the addition of one of the following to the white sauce: Oysters, chopped bacon, mushrooms, cheese with a hint of sage, hard-boiled egg.

**Cauliflower Beignets:** Dip barely cooked cauliflower sprigs in a white sauce and allow to become set and cold. Dip into a fritter batter and deep fry in fuming fat. Drain and serve hot with tomato sauce.

● Well-cooked vegetables are the finest achievement of the good cook... This field of cookery calls for knowledge, skill, and initiative. Its aim is preservation of food value, development of distinctive flavor, appetising service with the right degree of tenderness and moisture.

## SPINACH

The virtues of spinach need no publicity these days. A reminder, however, to the enterprising—it is as versatile as the cabbage.

Before cooking, wash thoroughly and shred finely. The white stems may be cooked separately and served with white sauce. Cook the spinach in water adhering to leaves, in a covered pan, until tender, 10 to 20 minutes. Shake or stir occasionally. Drain well, and season.

**Spinach and Cheese Souffle:** Combine 1 cup cooked spinach with ½ cup white sauce. Add 1 teaspoon onion sautéed in a teaspoon of butter. Beat in 2 egg-yolks and ½ cup grated cheese. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into a greased oven dish and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Serve at once. For four.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to  
The Australian Women's Weekly



THESE FINE VEGETABLES take skill to grow and money to buy. Translated by a good cook they can be food that is both delicious and satisfying, food that will promote the radiant health as illustrated by the lass in our picture above.

## BROCCOLI

This dark green variety of cauliflower is delicious if carefully cooked. Cut off large leaves and outer wood of main stem. Split large stems. Cook as for cauliflower. Drain and season. Serve with butter or white sauce.

**Italian Broccoli:** Cook until nearly tender. Drain and sauté in hot fat until delicately crisped on surface. Sprinkle with finely grated cheese.

## TURNIPS

Grated raw turnip is a rich source of vitamin C. Use in salads; especially good with cold meat salads.

Turnip greens can be very palatable.

Cook in a lidded pan with very little water. Season with butter or bacon fat. Half a cup of greens cooked in this way contains all the daily requirement of vitamin A and about 1 vitamin C.

**To cook turnips, dice or slice, after peeling thickly, and cook in a lidded pan in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain and season.**

**Turnip Floradora:** Add 3 cups cooked, diced turnips to 2 cups medium white sauce. Add 3 chopped

hard-boiled eggs and, when available, 1 teaspoon anchovy essence. Serve on toast rounds. Top with chopped parsley or a dusting of paprika.

## LEeks

The leek need not be frowned on by the elegant. Well cooked and dressed it can make an excellent entree or dinner vegetable.

**To cook,** cut off green about 2 inches from white bulb. Cook, un-

covered, in fast-boiling water until tender, about 15 minutes. Drain, and serve with sauce.

**Leeks à la Soubise:** Sauté 1 onion in a little bacon fat until lightly browned, add two sliced tomatoes, and cook until tender. Season with pepper, salt, a little sugar, and a dash of powdered mace. Pour over hot, cooked leeks.

## BRUSSELS SPROUTS

Quick cooking and careful seasoning develop the nutty flavor of these delicious little vegetables.

**Cook, uncovered, in boiling salted water until tender, about 20 minutes. Drain, and season with bacon fat or butter (when available).**

## EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY



W-121-2





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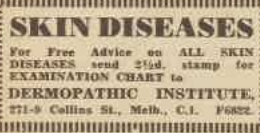
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## For your recipe file



**MARMALADE-MAKING TIME** is still here. Long, slow cooking of rind in plenty of water is necessary to soften it before sugar is added. Excess water must be boiled away, and then one measure of sugar is added to each measure of pulp. See recipe on this page.

**R**EADERS share recipes each week. It is considered quite anti-social these days to keep them a secret. File those below for menu inspirations.

Our first recipe this week comes from the mother of an R.A.A.F. boy who sampled it in the Vancouver home of an R.C.A.F. group-captain.

### VANCOUVER PUDDING

One cup brown sugar, 1 cup grated carrots, 1 cup grated potatoes, 1 cup butter or substitute, 1 cup raisins or sultanas, 1 level tea-

spoon soda, 1 cup flour, 1 level teaspoon mixed spices, 1 teaspoon salt, little milk.

Rub fat into flour, add dry ingredients, then carrots and potatoes, and soda dissolved in spoonful milk. Mix to a fairly stiff consistency with milk and turn into greased basin. Steam 3 hours and serve hot with custard or sauce.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. B. Wormald, 45 Palmer St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

### SUPPER SAUSAGE WHEELS

Half pound flour, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, 1lb. good beef dripping, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1lb. sausages, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup gravy or stock, 1 tablespoon flour, pepper and salt.

Skin sausages and mix with parsley and stock. Heat 5 minutes, stir in flour, cook further minute, season to taste and cool. Sift flour and baking powder and rub in fat. Add lemon juice and enough water to mix to a dry dough. Roll to thin oblong sheet. Spread with sausage-meat, and roll up as for swiss roll. Cut into 1in. slices, brush with milk, and bake in hot oven from 10 to 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss F. M. Whitehead, 34 Florence St., Goodwood, S.A.

### RABBIT CASSEROLE WITH APPLES

One rabbit, flour, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon dried herbs, 1 onion, 2 tablespoons chopped bacon, 2 cooking apples, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 4 cloves, 2 cups milk, pepper and salt.

Joint rabbit and soak for 30 minutes. Wash and season, and coat with flour. Place in casserole, cover with breadcrumbs mixed with herbs, onion, bacon, and then cover with sliced apples sprinkled with sugar and cloves. Add liquid, cover and cook very slowly 2 to 2½ hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. Campbell, 11 Steps St., Zeehan, Tas.

## Table Problems

By SISTER MARY JACOB

**T**HE child who is a difficult feeder, who is "finicky," and has a capricious appetite always presents a worrying problem to the anxious young mother.

Many factors contribute to this feeding problem, and quite often some of these can be eliminated if it is realised that right eating habits must be formed from the very beginning. Coaxing or forcing food when there is natural loss of appetite, discussing food, and showing concern to the child are all probable causes of difficult table problems.

A leaflet with suggestions regarding the child who won't eat has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



**SIMPLE DISHES** are often the most delicious. Here Kathryn Grayson, MGM star, prepares casserole of seal steak, bacon, and stock... all in together for one hour's gentle cooking. Try it with mushroom dumplings on top.

## Three-in-one Marmalade

ONE orange, 1 lemon, 1 grapefruit, sugar, water.

Cut grapefruit in halves, dice, pulp, and shred finely half the rind, discarding the other half. Shred orange and lemon very finely, discarding all pips. To each measure of sliced fruit add 3 measures of water. Stand overnight and then simmer gently until the rind is soft and water considerably reduced (about half). To each measure of liquid and pulp add 1 measure of sugar, stirring until dissolved. Cook rapidly until the mixture jells when tested on a cold dish.

(N.B.—When this recipe was given in a recent issue it was stated in error that 1 measure instead of 1 of sugar should be added to the 1 measure of pulp.)



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Quick!—Do this to help prevent many colds

When the first sneeze or sniffle warns of trouble to come, put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril.

**Helps Nature.** Va-tro-nol is a medication made specially for the danger area in nose and upper throat where most colds start. It spreads swiftly through the hidden passages, relieving irritation, and rousing Nature's own defenses, helping to prevent the development of many colds. Keep Va-tro-nol handy... use it early.

**Clears Stuffy Nose.** And remember... even if the head is badly clogged by a cold, Va-tro-nol brings breathing comfort quickly.

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**The Anti-T.B. £50,000 Appeal**



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**PHYSICAL CULTURE**

## HE

went into the office building. Helm's small suite was on the third floor, but he was not there. The dedicated secretary expected him back from Jacksonville to-morrow. She made a tentative appointment for Bill at two, Saturday.

He took a taxi home. On the way he met Mrs. Warner looking like a ten-blow fire. She wore a cerise rayon spectator sports suit with high-heeled pumps to match. From her tottering gait it was plain she suffered for beauty's sake.

Bill gave her a lift. She was overjoyed. She was late because it had taken time to find this sartorial knockout. Bill didn't wonder. There couldn't be two of them, he hoped. At the dinner table Mrs. Paige demanded, "Now tell us all about your interview with Bundy, William."

He gave a much abridged account of it. Mrs. Paige's eyes gleamed. Several times she and Mrs. Gillam exchanged glances. When he finished she said, "Now we'll tell our story. You start, Abby."

Mrs. Gillam said, "William, do you know the Tourist Centre? That big group of buildings with courts for playing all kinds of games? Shuffleboard, roque, horseshoes, everything? Well, we spent the afternoon there. We met a lot of Mrs. Peckham's friends."

Mrs. Paige's nose wrinkled reminiscently. Mrs. Gillam said, "They're not our kind, but they're all right. But, anyway, they certainly have it in for Corinne Peckham. She's stirred up more trouble. Just like a piece of blond flypaper, one old woman told me, attracting a lot of silly old male flies. It makes the women all keep an eye on her."

## Continuing . . . Murder In Tow

from page 5

was standing by the chimney looking down into the fire. He wondered what she was thinking that pleased her so.

Bill refused, with pleasure, an invitation to attend the Peckham funeral the next morning.

"But, William, isn't it a fact that the criminal always goes to the funeral to gloat over his or her victim?" Mrs. Paige objected. "I can't see how you got so far in your detective work just loitering round the way you do."

"Why should I work when I have two such able assistants?"

"I know it's awfully amusing," Mrs. Paige said loftily, "but when the case is solved you'll find it was our work that put her behind the bars."

"All right. Have a good time. And keep your eyes peeled."

Mr. Helm's secretary telephoned and verified the appointment for two o'clock. Neither Mrs. Gillam nor Mrs. Paige returned, so Bill junched alone again. He was just getting ready to leave when Steve dropped in. They drove downtown together in Steve's car.

"Isn't there something I can do, French? You know how it is. You can stand things better if you feel you're helping, even a little."

Bill said, "I'd give a lot to know if the bank accounts of a few people show any monthly deposits of a thousand. That systematic withdrawal from Peckham's account looks like blackmail. It might be a good line to work on. I suppose the police are working on it, too?"

"Yes," Steve shrugged. "But they're just milling round. Don't seem to be getting anywhere. I know some people who work in the banks. I'll see what I can do."

"Go easy. You can't just barge into the banks and ask to see their books, you know. It'll have to be dirty work."

"I know. But if I'll help Bundy! For her I'd commit quite a few misdemeanors." Then he grinned frankly. "But not murder, French, in case you want to clear up that point."

Bill laughed. "Thanks. I was worried about it."

"So are the police," Steve was grim. "They misunderstand my interest in Bundy. Can't seem to believe it's simple friendship. But who cares what they think? As long as they don't lock me up so I can't help her, they can do what they like."

He dropped Bill at Helm's office building.

Mr. Helm was a thin, grey-haired man with a wide, humorous mouth and sharp, grey eyes. They bored into Bill while he was explaining his connection with the case.

Helm said, "Then you're not representing Mrs. Peckham?"

"I most certainly am not." The same sort of smile was mirrored in their faces. Mrs. Peckham was silently but thoroughly disposed of.

"In fact," Bill said, "I'm not representing anyone. I just told Stephen James I'd do what I could."

"Oh, a pal of James, eh?" Mr. Helm's cordiality curdled just a trifle. "Well, what do you want to know, French?"

"Anything you can tell me about Peckham that might prove useful. I understand you were his attorney."

Helm shrugged. "We-ell, I guess so. I helped arrange a trust fund for Bundy and did a couple of legal odd jobs for him. I wouldn't have touched his work if it hadn't been for Bundy. She's a wonderful girl. I wanted to see her salvage something from Corinne. But the old man was not my style."

"Why?"

"A slicker. Skated just as close to the edge of the legal limit as he could manage and then leaned over. I was always afraid he'd fall and take me with him."

"Have any dealings with a fellow named Sinclair?"

Helm rolled the word on his tongue meditatively. "No. Never heard of him. Have you a line on someone?"

"No." Bill made a mental note to try to locate Sinclair through the Chamber of Commerce registry.

"Look, Helm. You knew Peckham. You saw the mess he left his financial affairs in when you went to the bank with Mrs. Peckham. Would you think it likely the old man bled his own account and then scrambled with the proceeds?"

"Hm, You're thinking of his face being unidentifiable." Mr. Helm shook his head as he spoke. "No. He was crazy about that—uh—his wife. She was about twenty years younger than he was and she had him in her pocket all right. No. It wasn't that."

"What was your idea?" "I can't help thinking it seems like blackmail to anyone who knows the man and his methods. Particularly as he has raised money on everything he owned. And it's all gone phooey."

"Have you seen the body?"

Helm shrugged. "Yes."

"Did you identify it?"

"No. But I think it is Peckham all right. Nobody else is missing. The autopsy showed it was a man of his age and size. We don't have a selection of graded corpses down here in the sunny Southland for your Northern crooks' convenience." Mr. Helm grinned nastily.

"His granddaughter is positive it's Peckham."

Please turn to page 41



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**PRETTY BED-JACKET** . . . Just slip it over your shoulders, and you'll be so snug. To fit sizes 32/34.

## Do knit this sweet, capelike jacket . . .

### FOR MORNING CHARM

**MATERIALS.**—3oz. Patons Beehive Super Fingering 2-ply wool; 2½ yards 2in.-wide ribbon or satin; 1 pair each No. 4 and No. 9 knitting needles.

**Tension.**—Approximately 11 sts. to 2in. in width measured over the pat. section worked on No. 4 needles.

**Note.**—The sts. in brackets must be worked the number of times stated immediately after the brackets.

Using No. 4 needles cast on 198 sts. and k into the backs of these sts. Now work in pat. thus:—

**1st Pat. Row:** (K 2 tog.) 3 times, \* (k 1, m 1) 6 times, (k 2 tog.) 6 times; rep. from \* to within 12 sts. of end, (k 1, m 1) 6 times, (k 2 tog.) 3 times.

**2nd Pat. Row:** P.

**3rd and 4th Pat. Rows:** K.

These 4 rows form the pat. Proceed until the 18th pat. has been completed, then form the yoke thus: Change to No. 9 needles and, using the wool double from now on, k 4 rows garter-st.

**Next Row** (right side of work): K 44; k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 100, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 44.

**Next Row:** P.

**Next Row:** K 43, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 98, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 43.

**Next Row:** P 42, p 2 tog., p 1, p 2 tog., p 96, p 2 tog., p 1, p 2 tog., p 42. Continue in stocking-st. (k on the right side of work, p on the wrong side) and proceed to decrease 4 sts.

in this way on every row until sts. are reduced to 128, then, still working the shoulder decreases as before, also take 2 tog. at start and end of every row until sts. are reduced to 54.

**Next Row:** P 2, p 2 tog., p 1, p 2 tog., p 40, p 2 tog., p 1, p 2 tog., p 2.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., k to within 2 sts. of end, k 2 tog. Cast off.

#### TO MAKE UP

Lightly press work on the wrong side with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Ruche up the ribbon and attach to neck and front edges as photograph suggests.

### MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

I AM told that slight scorch marks can be banished if affected part is soaked in a solution of borax and then bleached in the sun. Use a teaspoon of borax to breakfast cup of water.

**GRASS** stains can be removed from garments by soaking in methylated spirit. Rinse and wash in usual way.

I HAVE a clever friend. She has made it a rule that every member of the family cleans the bath after bathing. Cleanser and soft cloths are provided. Result: Ever-gleaming bath. Why not copy?



IF YOU can't get flowers, use greenery, artistically arranged, for room cheer. Linda Darnell, Fox star, fills bowl with wet sand before putting in the greenery.

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Commercial English	Com. Arithmetic
General Education	Motor, Radio, etc.

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A.W.W.144 . . . . .

"BUNDY," said Helm, "is one of nature's better ideas. I don't hanker to be mixed up in this case any more than necessary. But if you get in a hole about that girl I'll do anything I can to help."

"Thanks. Did Peckham seem to have anything on his mind before he disappeared?"

"No more than usual."

"I gathered from Mrs. Peckham that Bundy's legacy was the only thing the old man didn't touch."

"Yes," Mr. Helm chuckled. "That hurt the lovely Corinne."

"She—uh—mentioned it." They exchanged a long, uneasy stare.

"Twenty thousand in trust and twelve thousand in cash," Helm mused. "That's what Peckham left Bundy. The cash is in a savings account in her name in a Tampa bank. Corinne doesn't know about it yet—I hope."

"Plenty of people have been murdered for less than that," Bill said. "Public opinion is getting worse against the girl. Poor kid."

Helm rolled glum eyes. "That isn't half of it, French. Her father left her twenty-five thousand in trust. She was to receive the income from it on reaching the age of twenty-four—or earlier if her grandfather consented."

"The room was very still. Only the traffic sounds from the street below could be heard. Bill said softly, 'And if her grandfather died?'"

Helm's nod was grim. "You've guessed it. She got everything. It's just one of those wills."

Bill said, "The police. Do they know?"

"Not from me," Helm was fierce.

"Does Mrs. Peckham know?"

"I'm afraid she does."

Bill sighed. Now he knew what Bundy and her grandfather had quarrelled about on the pier that night. With a bleak grin he took his leave. His side hurt. Why hadn't he stayed in Michigan!

Since he was near it, he decided to drop in at the Chamber of Commerce to see if he could find Albert Sinclair's address.

He was directed to a white brick building in the traditional town-hall design. In the room on the right he found a number of big ledgers bearing the names of the States and filled with names of visitors. He leafed through the Michigan book without finding any Sinclair.

The pretty girl behind the counter offered him a Mrs. Willie Sue Sinclair from Geo'ga, but Bill declined with thanks. It was nearly six. The sun was low in the west. He decided to walk home and reached Coffee Pot Drive happily tired.

After dinner he decided to go for

another little stroll beside the bayou.

Mrs. Gillam asked: "Do you mind if I come, too? I always take Myrtle out every evening. She hates exercise, but the vet said she must."

The little dog had come back from a week's visit to the canine infirmary that afternoon. She trembled into the room on twilight legs and dashed to hide behind Mrs. Gillam's sturdy ankles. Her sharp black eyes shone. Her pointed nose twitched. She gave off an aura of haughty alarm.

"Go cuddle up to your aunt Olive," said Mrs. Gillam with a prod of her toe. "I'm tired of you. Olive, I don't think that vet did her a bit of good. She shivers as much as ever."

Bill thought Myrtle could have been shuddering over her family tree, which certainly must have had a variety of bark.

"Your dog, Mrs. Gillam?"

MRS. PAIGE answered. "No, Myrtle was presented to me by Petunia. A peace offering after she'd dropped a thirty-dollar lamp. But Myrtle took one look at us and went straight to Abby. She moans when I go near her. Not a trait to win my esteem. I needn't say."

Mrs. Gillam laughed. "Oh, I've always had a dog. I know how to treat them. I'm not flattered at winning Myrtle's private popularity contest. She's such a nuisance. Always ailing. And I'm the one who has to walk her three times a day. Come on, pest."

Mrs. Gillam dragged Myrtle out on a leash, talking steadily about Mrs. Peckham. She had dug up a few more items. But none of it seemed important to Bill. He was relieved when, at a dark stretch of the road, Myrtle began to moan. She flopped down and refused to go farther under her own power. Mrs. Gillam carried her back to the house.

Bill walked on, thinking about the case. Especially he found himself thinking of Bundy, so honest and frank, except about the quarrel with her grandfather. And he was sure he could get that out of her if he saw her alone. But she was so impulsive and undisciplined. She worried him.

Returning to the house some time later, he found Mrs. Gillam bringing in leek ginger ale and cookies. There were even some of the famous fruit-filled kind she used to make years ago. She smiled, anticipating his pleasure.

Bill said, "Did you make them? They look delicious."

She shook her head. "No. They're

much better than I could make. I gave the recipe to Petunia's mother."

Mrs. Paige said, "I forgot to tell you, William, Mrs. Peckham was here this afternoon."

"What did she want?"

Please turn to page 43

## Murder In Tow

Continued from page 40



### CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

- EASIEST TO USE
- WEARS LONGEST
- MOST FASHIONABLE SHADES
- MOST ECONOMICAL
- WILL NOT CHIP OR PEEL



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*Night for Beauty*



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1/754

*Palmolive Soap for that Schoolgirl Complexion*



# Murder In Tow

Continued from page 41

"HER maid left. She came to see if one of Mrs. Warner's girls wouldn't work for her. But Mrs. Warner is quite a character. If she doesn't like you she won't let her family work for you, no matter what you pay. Mrs. Peckham was in the kitchen a long time, and came away looking furious."

Bill passed the cookies, elaborate iced kinds and some filled with raisins. Mrs. Paige shook her head. "Don't tempt me, I'm trying to stick to my diet."

Mrs. Gillam took an iced one and a glass of ginger ale.

Bill hit into one of the raisin-filled kind, chewed a few seconds, and hurriedly left the room. When he returned he looked pale and coughed a little.

He said sharply, "Mrs. Gillam, something's wrong with those cookies. Don't they taste queer to you?"

She moved her lips frantically. Her eyes began to widen fearfully. "Yes, I believe they do."

Bill curled up his tongue in a grimace. "I only just started on one, but my throat feels raw. And my mouth's puckery."

She stood up, her eyes rolling. "Oh, good heavens. I've had three. What'll I do? Oh, I'm beginning to feel awfully queer. Sick, Olive, help me." She began to sway.

Mrs. Paige seized her arm. "Come

with me, quick. You must get rid of it fast."

Bill dashed to the kitchen. He brought a pitcher of tepid salt water to Mrs. Gillam's bath-room door. The two women were inside. "Drink it all, fast. Who's your doctor, Aunt Olive?"

"We haven't needed one. Call Steve."

"No," Mrs. Gillam gasped. "I'll be all right. Don't. I don't want some stranger."

Bill said, "But we can't wait. How do you feel? What are your symptoms?"

"I'm so weak, and my heart's just racing. I'm dizzy, too."

"We've got to have a doctor at once."

Mrs. Paige reached the telephone first and called Steve, her usual habit when help of any sort was needed. He was very sympathetic and promised to be out at once to consult with them about getting a doctor or taking Mrs. Gillam to a hospital.

Bill took the telephone as she hung up.

"Aunt Olive, we can't wait. This acts like poison. It could kill her while he's getting here. I've looked in the directory and found a doctor just a block away. I'm going to get him here fast."

Three minutes later Dr. John Ransome arrived. A sober, brisk young man who inspired confidence.

Bill explained the circumstances succinctly as he took the doctor to Mrs. Gillam's bedroom. Mrs. Paige admitted him. She and Bill had dragged and hoisted Mrs. Gillam's half-conscious body on to the bed.

Bill went back to the living-room. He found Steve, who had just come, staring at the cookies. Myrtle bounded at his feet.

"You haven't touched them, have you?" Bill asked.

"No. Did you get hold of a doctor?"

"Yes." "Your aunt was so excited over the phone, I couldn't make out what was wrong, so I said I'd be out. What happened?"

"Tell you in a minute." Bill got a paper sack from the kitchen, put all the cookies into it, and came back. He went on, "Somebody pulling a Borgia, if I'm not mistaken. And I don't like to seem egotistic, but I have a hunch I was the object of the attack. I think Mrs. Gillam was incidental."

"Good heavens, who would do such a thing?"

Bill told about Mrs. Peckham's visit.

Steve said, "But how could she tell your cook would be making cookies?"

Bill swore softly in exasperation. "That's just it. She couldn't."

"Must have been the cook then."

"Yes, but that seems improbable, too. There's no motive. She likes her job here. My aunt has almost adopted the whole tribe. Why kill the goose that's laying the golden eggs, to coin a phrase? Besides, it's so dangerous. She's the first person one would suspect. Of course, the whole thing could have been an accident."

"That's more like it," Steve said. Steve and Bill discussed the

puzzling aspects of the case for half an hour more. At length the doctor came out. He gave Bill a cool, cautious survey.

"Mrs. Paige tells me you're a lieutenant in the Michigan State Police."

"That's right."

"Could I speak to you for a minute or two?"

Steve turned a little red but said quickly, "I'll run along. I can see Mrs. Paige doesn't need me."

Bill thanked him heartily for coming. He felt his aunt was a little inconsiderate in her demands on him at all hours. But Steve didn't seem to object. When he had gone the doctor said in almost a whisper, "I don't understand this, Lieutenant. Did you think the lady was poisoned?"

"I certainly did. I've had a number of such cases and I've informed myself on the subject rather thoroughly." He described the symptoms he had experienced.

"Look at my throat."

The doctor bit his lip. "Funny. Her throat isn't at all like yours. I'll give you something that'll help that. And you had an astringent, metallic taste in your mouth?"

"Decidedly. I can still taste it. Or I imagine I can."

"Humph. Queer. She only mentioned being dizzy and rapid heart action. I don't get it."

Bill offered him the paper sack. "Suppose you take these cookies and analyse them for me. Maybe that'll throw some light."

"Yes. I'd like to for my own satisfaction. Just let Mrs. Gillam be it—sleep. She seems all right. I'll see her in the morning if necessary."

To everyone's relief there was no further trouble during the night. Mrs. Paige reported the patient still asleep the next morning. Bill peered in to make sure it was only sleep. He saw the rose blanket on her breast rising and falling normally. From under the bed Myrtle's beady eyes stared timidly. A faint whine came from her throat.

Bill went out to breakfast.

"And now for the real fun," he whispered during one of Petunia's absences from the porch. "If you know of any way to ask a cook if she has put poison into the food, accidentally or otherwise, without getting a skillet thrown at your head, please tell me."

"Oh, William, don't let her leave me."

"Even if she has poisoned someone?"

"Darling, I've told you three times it was that Peckham creature. She was here yesterday afternoon. She must have discovered Abby and I were on her trail and decided to silence us."

"But, Aunt Olive, you've also said you peeked through the pantry window and watched her the whole time. You said she didn't go near the cookie dough. Just sat by the door and discussed a maid with Mrs. Warner."

Mrs. Paige shrugged. "Oh, she managed it somehow."

Bill welcomed the ringing of the telephone. He was gone a long time answering it. After he hung up he went to Mrs. Gillam's door, tapped, and was admitted after a pause.

Mrs. Paige was pacing the floor when he returned. "Now what?"

"I don't understand it, Aunt Olive." He frowned at the floor.

"For heaven's sake tell me. Maybe I can explain. Was that Steve?"

"No." He took three steps and pushed open the pantry door. Petunia, wide-eyed, stuttering, fled to the kitchen. Bill came back to the dining-room.

Mrs. Paige demanded, "William, stop running round and tell me what's wrong. You're driving me crazy."

"Go out to the garden and wait for me, Aunt Olive. I'll be with you in a minute. I'll tell you about it there where I'm sure we can't be overheard."

She left reluctantly. Bill went into the kitchen. He found the vast chocolate-coated Mrs. Warner drinking coffee. Petunia's eyes were white-rimmed black marbles.

Mrs. Warner was affable. "How Mrs. Gillam dis maw'nin', Mr. Wil-

liam, huh?"

"Better. She was very sick last night, Mrs. Warner. Sick after she ate those cookies you made."

"Ah, can't und'tand it. Ain' nothin' in dem cookies but the bestest ingrejuns. Pound o' buttah, sugah, frouah, nice lil raisuns. We din' have no figes lak Mrs. Gillam tole me to use."

Bill went over every step of the mixing and baking procedure without results until Mrs. Peckham was mentioned. Mrs. Warner's eyes gleamed. Her big lips opened in a gape of amazed comprehension. Then she slapped her thigh.

"At's it. Yes, sah. 'At whut happen. 'At trashy woman try to git one mah gels to wuk fo' huh. When Ah wooden let 'um, she wait til mah back's turned. Sprinkle hooah powdah in de cookies."

Bill gazed at her sternly. There was a bland evasiveness in her manner. "Now, Mrs. Warner, you don't expect me to believe that."

"Must-a been whut happen."

"But how could she know you'd refuse one of your girls?"

Her plump shoulders threw off all responsibility for explaining the mystery. "Ah dunno. Must-a come raldy for ev'ning."

Bill set his teeth. He could no more read those flat brown eyes than see through a wall. He put on his official stare. "Mrs. Warner, poison has been found in those cookies. Deadly poison." His low, stern voice was impressive.

Her face turned ghastly purple. She rolled her eyes. "Law-dee. Ain' dat wicked! P'leece ought to lock huh up."

Bill gazed at her in grim fury. If he asked her if she had left the room or given Mrs. Peckham a chance to drop in the poison she would seize the suggestion with thanks. He didn't believe her. He doubted if there was a shred of truth in her protestations. She could have made some clumsy mistake and been afraid to admit it.

He questioned Petunia. She was in such a state of terror she could hardly speak. But she gave nothing away. He got the impression she had nothing to give. At last, declaring an armistice, he went into the garden. Mrs. Paige rushed at him.

"Sit down, Aunt Olive." He drew two wicker chairs close. "I don't quite get it myself, but I'll tell you what I've found out so far. That telephone call was from Dr. Ran-

some. He has analysed the cookies I gave him last night. Every one of the raisin-filled kind is also loaded with zinc sulphate."

"Zinc sulphate? What in the world is that?"

"Deadly poison, among other things."

Mrs. Paige was white. "But, William, how could such a peculiar substance get into my kitchen?"

"You may well ask. I asked your cook for the rest of the raisins. She said she'd used the last ones and burned the box."

Mrs. Paige stared in horror.

"That's not all, Aunt Olive. The doctor said there was no poison at all in the iced cookies. They were perfectly wholesome. And now we come to something completely screwy. Mrs. Gillam ate only the iced cookies. She didn't touch those with raisins in them."

To be continued

★  
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love, romance,  
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He turned to her suddenly. "Can you cook?" he asked.

"Why, yes," in surprise, "I'm a jolly good cook."

"Well, that's fine."

"And, with a smile, "I can darn socks and I just LOVE children."

He looked at her. And she at him. A soft wistful smile. And he took her in his arms. So that is love.

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is truly great news, especially in these days of restricted buying when all clothing must do double or even triple duty. So, when you feel you must have a new frock, choose one made from Sparva—the unshrinkable rayon fabric. **Sparva** rayon fabrics are your guide to war-winning thrift and war-time smartness.



### Some facts about SPARVA rayons:

- **EASILY AND SAFELY WASHED**—Normal washing does not affect Sparva fabrics, they come out of the tub with all their original pep and crispness intact. They're no trouble to press, either. Light pressing with a warm iron makes them look like new again. ● **FADELESS**—Tests show that, even when exposed to the strongest sunlight, Sparva fabrics do not fade or lose their original colours. ● **EXCEPTIONALLY STRONG**—Though delicate in appearance, Sparva fabrics are woven from the strongest yarns, thus ensuring exceptional strength and long wear. ● **CREASE RESISTING**—No matter how much you relax your Sparva frock will not crease or wrinkle. You can wear it all day and it will still look crisp and fresh for the evening. ● **LATEST DESIGNS**—New designs are constantly being added to the range of Sparva fabrics. You are sure to find a Pattern to suit your own personality from those now showing at your favourite store. Sparva rayon fabrics are also available in a wide range of fashionable plain colours! ● **UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED**—Today, after five years of war, every yard of Sparva still carries an unconditional guarantee—truly a tribute to the efficiency of British workers, who, even under difficult wartime production conditions, have maintained the quality of their products.



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